This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

[redacted]

INTRODUCTORY

ENGLISH

READING BOOK.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

INTRODUCTORY

ENGLISH

READING BOOK,

INTENDED

TO GIVE EASY LESSONS IN READING;

TO CONVEY USEFUL INFORMATION; AND TO

INCULCATE GOOD PRINCIPLES.

ADAPTED TO

DOMESTIC AND TO SCHOOL EDUCATION.

By W. JILLARD HORT,

AUTHOR OF THE "NEW PANTHEON, &c."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

59

3987. f. 154

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
21 JUN. 83
OXFORD

CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

Page 1. line 6. *for* by *read* through.
16. et passim, *for* mama *read* mamma.
17. line 6. *for* Ketty *read* Kitty.
23. line 5. *for* grey *read* gray.
33. line 17. *for* could *read* would.
36. line 1. *for* ere *read* e'er.
43. last line. *for* point which *read* point out which.
46. lines 24 & 25. *for* The earth is raked over the seed, when it is sown by the harrow, *read* When the seed is sown, the earth is raked over it by the harrow.
50. line 13. *for* and most *read* and of most.
62. line 6. *dele* then.
63. lines 13 & 14. *for* I should *read* you would.
64. lines 23 & 24. *for* what is proportion *read* what proportion is.
68. line 9. *for* yon *read* you.
71. line 1. *for* s endour *read* splendour.
89. line 31. *for* from wood *read* from that wood.
92. line 1. *for* Does not God, papa, love, *read* Papa! does not God love.
93. line 26. *for* teaze *read* tease.
97. line 27. *for* uninterrupted *read* interrupted.
103. line 3. *for* marbles *read* marble.
123. line 1. *for* dioncea *read* dionœa.
131. line 25. *for* drank *read* drunk.
135. line 17. *for* sun rise and sun set *read* sun-rise and sun-set.
142. line 14. *for* clamatis *read* clematis.
144. line 19. *dele* grand.
171. line 7. *for* presdence *read* presence.

INTRODUCTION.

RULES OF READING FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.

A GRIEVOUS, but just complaint is made of bad reading and bad readers; the causes of which evil may for the most part be traced to bad habits, formed at the commencement of learning to read, either through the inexperience or inattention of teachers, or by the natural disposition of children to imitate and catch the sounds which they continually hear. Excepting when there is an evident defect in the organs of speech, and such cases are very rare, children are certainly able to utter clearly the sounds of which alphabetical characters are the representatives, at the age when they are commonly made to begin to learn to read. The manner in which they are taught to utter these sound will most probably remain with them for life. It is, therefore, of high importance that it be done well and completely. It is the corner-stone of the foundation of good reading and speaking, and it should be laid firmly

and properly. It happens much more frequently from want of such care than from defective organization, that we meet with some who cannot pronounce the letters l and s; and the sounds of th, sh, with others who aspirate h when it ought not to be aspirated, and do not aspirate it when it should be aspirated; and others who pronounce w for v, and v for w.

These last mentioned errors certainly must flow from inattention and the hearing of vicious pronunciation. It is plain that where these faults exist, there can never be good reading or speaking; let, then, the greatest care be taken to guard against these defects, and let patient attention be given to form the organs of children to the clear and perfect sounding of every letter; till this be effected, advance not a step farther.

The way will be thus prepared for distinct articulation, that is, the distinct pronunciation of letters when they are joined together in syllables, and thus form words. For this purpose, let children be first exercised in reading words of one syllable, in such a deliberate manner as that each letter shall be plainly heard. Let these monosyllabic words be, as much as possible, words of meaning, and of such meaning as may interest the children and excite their attention; and let them be often composed of those letters which are most difficult to be pronounced, and which are

most likely to be confounded together; of those in which the letter h is aspirated, or not aspirated though written, and of those that begin with some vowel, before which the aspirate is often faultily sounded; such as the following,—rat, art, air, stair, rare, wrath, sun, since, silk, sir, shall, shirt, then, when, whence, thence, where, there, wealth, health, hearth, earth, hall, all, heat, eat, harm, arm, hill, ill, veal, wheel, vine, wine. When properly practised in words of this kind, the young beginners may proceed gradually to words of two, three and more syllables, still keeping the same object in view, that of preventing bad, and giving good pronunciation of the letters, simple and combined, till they are able to read fluently, and to sound distinctly, any word however long or complex, and to dismiss the syllables trippingly from the tongue.

This process, doubtless, cannot be very pleasant to teachers. It requires no small degree of patience and self command; but let it not be forgotten that it is no less a trial to the poor little learners, requiring in them attention, application, exertion. Let, then, amusement intermingle with, and sweeten the work. Let the meaning of the words they are put to read and sound, be explained to them in a familiar way; they may be so contrived as to please and interest children, and induce them to ask questions

which may lead them to instruction. Pictures of the various objects whose names they learn to read and pronounce, may be shown to them, their nature, properties, and uses, may be explained, and some notion of the parts of speech may be communicated to them; thus children may be pleasingly instructed.

Let children be taught, from the very commencement of their reading career, to suspend the voice whenever the sense permits, in order to take breath, and by resuming in the same tone to connect the members of the sentence, so that the general signification and meaning may not be dissipated. This, in theory, may appear no easy task, but if begun in proper time, in a proper manner, and by a teacher who has a just and quick ear, it will not be found difficult in practice.

But how will it be possible to bring children to vary their inflections of voice in reading and reciting, according to different subjects? Very few grown persons possess this excellence and ornament of reading, and can it then be imparted to children? It may.

What is it that prevents the greater part of private and public readers from making due use of the vast compass of tones of which the human voice is capable, but the mistaken idea that reading is a different thing from common conversation. In company, a man shall speak not only

sensibly, but well, with natural tones, with variety of inflections, with just and pointed emphasis: put a book into his hand to read to the same company, what a change takes place! The natural life, sprightliness and justness of utterance and manner, vanish; his voice assumes quite another tone; emphasis is gone, or improper has taken place of proper emphasis; he dares not venture upon varied inflections, for he dares not give way to the natural feelings which prompt them; he becomes formal and monotonous.

To avoid this evil, give children the idea that reading is only speaking from a book; and encourage them to follow the promptings of nature. But in order to this, they must understand and feel what they read.

The moment comprehension ceases, that moment will nature cease to prompt, and dull formality and pompous solemnity will take place.

Therefore, give young children nothing to read, which they cannot understand and feel; reading without understanding will necessarily be unnatural reading.

It is hoped, that this little work, to which these observations must serve as an introduction, may conduce in some degree towards answering the proposed end.

The foregoing rules appear to be all that are requisite for conducting the process of teaching

children the elements of the art of reading, all indeed that are adapted to their state and capacity. The reading lessons are progressive and familiar, their language that of conversation, and the author has endeavoured to convey in them useful instruction and good principles to the youthful mind.

THE

INTRODUCTORY ENGLISH READING BOOK.

LESSON I.

MORNING MEETING.

WELL, my dear Mary, how do you do this morning?

Have you slept well?

Have you lost the pain in the head which you had last night when you went to bed?

Who took care of you while you were asleep?

Who has made you well?

You know that it is God, the good God, who made you and all the men and women in the world; who is kind to all; who loves little children.

You have said your prayer to Him this morning, I hope, and thanked Him for your sleep, and for your meat, and drink, and clothes, and house, and the good things you have.

Have you washed your face, and neck, and hands, and combed your hair?

You have! Very well, then; now let us talk a little.

Do you know of what the bed is made on which you lie at night? I will tell you.

It is a great bag, made of coarse hempen cloth, filled with flocks or flakes of wool, called mill-puff. Some beds are stuffed with feathers; some are filled with straw, and are hard, and are called mattrasses.

Hemp is a plant; the fibres, or little strings of which are woven, or twisted, or laced into cloth.

The blankets are made of wool, which grows on the sheep, and which is cut off from them when the weather is hot, and they do not want it.

The sheets are linen; a kind of cloth made of flax, a plant, which has a fine clear green stem, and a pretty blue flower.

The quilt is cotton, a cloth made from a plant that grows in those parts of the world which are very hot in summer.

Your bedstead is made of the wood of the fir or pine tree, called deal.

Your bed has no curtains round it, because they would keep off the air too much from you while you are sleeping, and make you too warm. But many beds have curtains, made of linen, or cotton, or silk, or fine woollen stuff. Silk is spun by pretty grubs, who, after they have done their work, are changed into moths with wings.

The bed does not rest upon the floor, but is held up by a sacking, which is a strong cloth made of hemp, laced with cords to pieces of the same kind of stuff, nailed on the four sides of the bedstead. The reason why the bed is so kept

f from the floor is, that the air may be all
und you, under as well as above.

Try not to forget what I have been telling you
out your bed and bedding.

So you see that wood, nails made of iron, flax,
mp, cotton, wool, are used for your comfort
night, and to make you sleep easy.

Men or women make the bedstead, the nails,
e cords, the bed, the quilt, the blankets, the
eets; but God makes the trees that yield the
od, the iron of which the nails are made, the
ants which bears the cotton, the hemp, and
e flax, the sheep which give the wool.

Now let us go and take a short walk in the
lds before breakfast. You love to walk in the
lds; and it is very pleasant and healthy.

ON EARLY RISING.

How foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light;
How sweet, at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies;
And mark, with curious eye, the sun,
Prepare his radiant course to run!
Her fairest dress, then, Nature wears,
And clad in brightest green appears.
The mounting lark, with merry lay,
Sings welcome to the rising day.
How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feast the eyes with Nature's bloom!
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove!
Nor you, dear children, young and fair,
Neglect to taste the morning air.

Such air will teach your eyes to glow,
And health and cheerfulness bestow.
Armstrong.

LESSON II.

PREPARING FOR A WALK.

Come, Mary, call your brother William, that he may go walking with us. You know that he loves to walk out in the fields as well as you, though you are older than he.

Oh, here he comes, jumping for joy. Well, my little man, are you ready for a walk this fine morning? Yes, yes, I see you are ready and willing.

How long have you been up? An hour? You do not lie in bed after you are awake, and the bright sun is shining. It is not good to lie in bed late, as some lazy persons do. It is a great loss of time; and it is not a healthy custom.

Do you know why some people stay in their beds, long, long after the sun is risen? It is because they sit up late at night, eating and drinking, and singing and dancing, turning day into night, and night into day.

That is a bad habit, which often brings on illness and pain, and sometimes even makes folk die sooner than they might have died else.

When we do any thing often, *very* often, we soon get so used to it, that we cannot feel happy without it, and then it is called a habit.

So we should take care not to do any thing

very often, till we are sure that it is right, and will not do us, nor any one else, harm.

Now the hall door is open. The door is made of wood. It hangs and turns upon hinges. It is kept shut by a latch, which hinders its being blown open by the wind. At night it is fastened by a lock, and by bolts. The hinges, the latch, the lock, and the bolts, are made of iron.

Iron is one of the metals which men dig out from the earth, and it is the most useful of them. But it does not come out of the earth as you see it now. It has dirt and gravel, or little stones about it. It is taken out from them, and washed, and cleared, and melted by fire. When it is very hot, but before it melts, it is red and soft, and then men beat it with hammers, and turn it with pincers, and make it into what they please.

Take care how you go down the steps. Look before you, that you may not fall down. You should always look before you begin to walk, or run, or jump, that you may not tumble down a steep place, nor into a hole in the ground; nor strike your head or feet against any hard or sharp thing. Look before you leap; think before you act. That is called foresight or prudence. If all people were always to do so, it would prevent a great deal of mischief. Now you are safe down the steps, run across the road, while there is no carriage nor horse passing. You should always take care of that, when you are going to cross a road or a street.

Here we are at the stile, and we must get over it, to go into the field. It is put there to hinder horses, or sheep, or cows from going into the

field from the road, and eating and treading down the grass.

Climb up to the top of it. Put one leg over. Now sit steady. That is called balancing the body. Give me your hand. There; stand upright. Now you are taller than papa. Do not be afraid; I have you fast. Jump down! Very well; you are safe on the grass. Come, Mary! William is over, and it is your turn now. Take care! Steady, my girl! Give me your hands, and leap as far as you can

A MORNING IN SPRING.

Lo! the bright, the rosy morning,
  Calls us forth to take the air;
Cheerful Spring with smiles returning
  Ushers in the new-born year.

Nature now, in all her beauty,
  With her gently moving tongue,
Prompts us to the pleasing duty
  Of a grateful morning song.

See the early blossoms springing,
  See the jocund lambs at play,
Hear the lark and linnet singing
  Welcome to the early day.

Sweetest music, softly sounding,
  Echoes through the leafy grove,
Nature now, with life abounding,
  Swells with harmony and love.

Now the kind, the gentle showers
  Water all the plains around;
Springing grass and painted flowers
  In the smiling meads abound.

Now their vernal dress assuming,
  Robes of green adorn the trees,
Odours now, the air perfuming,
  Sweetly swell the balmy breeze.

Praise to Thee, thou great Creator,
  Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
  Join the universal song.

For ten thousand blessings given;
  For the richest gifts bestow'd;
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
  Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

Fawcett.

LESSON III.

MORNING WALK.

Do you see those pretty drops of water which are standing on the grass, and hanging on the leaves of the trees, and shining like glass? They are called dew.

See with what a soft light the sun shines! It is like a plate of silver. You can bear to look at it now without its hurting your eyes. Why is the light of the sun so mild now? It is, because

and have no fear of death. They do not know that they must die for the use of man.

Well! now it is time to return home to breakfast, for I think that dear mama is waiting for us.

LESSON IV.

BREAKFAST.

Now, my dear children, that we have as usual read a chapter in the Bible, that best of books, and offered our thanks to our Heavenly Father for His goodness, let us sit round the table to breakfast. Your good mama has, I see, every thing in readiness for us. She is very kind to you, and I am sure that you love her dearly, and will do all you can to give her pleasure, and, the only way by which you can give her pleasure, is by being good, and behaving well.

Tell mama where you have been, and what you have seen this morning, and what you have heard me say to you.

You have a fine appetite, I suppose, after your walk, and after having taken the fresh air.

Will you have bread and milk, or bread and butter, and milk and water?

Mama will, perhaps, give you a little tea, and a little sugar, with your milk and water.

We may use the good things which God affords us, but let us use them with moderation and *thank*fulness.

If we take too much of them, we then abuse instead of using them, and they will by that means become hurtful to us; and it would be ungrateful and wrong to abuse the gifts of our kindest friend.

Oh! Ketty has just brought in the urn. Do you see that smoke which comes from its top? It is vapour, raised from the water by heat. The heat from the red hot iron, which is in a case in the middle of the urn, gets into the water round it, and turns a part of it into air, as I told you the sun does the dew.

I hold this glass tumbler in the vapour, and you see that part of it which goes into the tumbler changed by the cold into water again, and trickling down the sides of the glass; just as the cold evening air changes into dew, the vapours which had been raised by the heat of the sun. The changing of the water into steam is called *evaporation*, and the turning of the steam into water, is called *condensation*. Can you remember those two hard words, Evaporation, Condensation.

The tea which mama is putting into the tea pot, is the leaves of a plant that comes from China, a country in Asia, very, very far from us. The Chinese pick and dry those leaves, and pack them up close in chests, and ships from Europe go to fetch them, You see that your mother turns the cock of the urn, and lets some of the boiling water run from it upon the tea, in the teapot. That boiling water, after a little while, extracts, or draws out from the tea, its taste and smell, its flavour, and then it is a very

nice drink, when a little milk or cream, and a little sugar, are added to it.

When boiling hot water is poured in that manner upon any leaves or flowers, so as to extract the flavour, it is called an infusion. If the tea had been boiled in the water, instead of the water already boiling being poured on the tea, it would have been a decoction.

Sugar is the inside or pith of a large reed that grows in the American islands, and other warm countries. When ripe, the plants are gathered, and pressed between metal rollers. The juice which is squeezed out from the stems, is boiled and cleaned by various methods; and when dry, it comes into the form of brown sugar, and is so brought to Europe in large barrels. Some of it is used in that state, and some of it is still more refined, and made white and shining, as you see it there upon the table.

A little of it mixed with other food is very wholesome.

Do you know how that butter is made, which you like so well with your bread? I will tell you. When the milk, taken from the cows, has stood for some time, the cream, or more oily part, which, at first, is mixed with the milk, rises to the top of it, because it is lighter. It is, then, skimmed off with a ladle, and put into a pan by itself; and when there is enough cream, it is churned into butter in this manner: It is poured into a vessel like a barrel, fixed on a stand, and having a winch or handle by which it may be turned round, or into a kind of covered pail, having a long stick to pull up and down through

a hole in its cover. By the quick turning of the barrel, or by the movement of the stick in the pail, the cream is, after some time, changed into butter.

There is another nice thing made of milk, which you love as well as you do butter. What do you think that is? It is cheese.

A sour juice called rennet, taken from the stomach of calves, is mixed with the milk, which makes one part of it thicker and the other thinner. The thickened part is called curd, and that part of the milk which is made thinner is called whey. The curd is taken from the whey, and put into large round bags of coarse cloth, and pressed with very heavy weights, in order to squeeze out, as much as possible, of the whey or watery part of the milk. The curd is then turned out of the bags on a board having many holes in it, and left, for awhile, to drain and dry. Thus the cheeses are finished. They become hard, you know, and may be carried to a distance, and may be kept a long time. So they are very useful and convenient, as well as nourishing. The rind is the same as the inside of the cheese; but being exposed to the air, it becomes harder and more dry.

Bread is made of the seed of some kinds of grass, called wheat, or barley, or oats. The seeds, or grains, are ground into flour or meal, which is well mixed, or kneaded, with a proper quantity of water, and is then called dough; to this is added a small portion of a bitter substance called barm or yeast, or a little sour paste; this makes an air in it, which separates and raises its

parts, rendering it lighter. It is then divided into lumps, called loaves, or smaller pieces called cakes or rolls, and baked in an oven, till, by the heat, all the moisture is evaporated. You know what evaporation is now.

The urn is made of thin plates of iron bent into that pretty shape, and covered with that shining brown substance, which is called varnish or japan.

The cups, saucers, basons, and plates, are made of a kind of clay, moulded into those shapes, and hardened by heat. The colours and figures are painted upon them before they are baked, and are burnt into them by fire.

Have you had enough for breakfast? You have. Go and take a run in the garden, then, for half an hour, and when you come in again, you shall read some poems to me about cows, and sheep, and sparrows, and the uses of animals, and playing in the garden, and what clothes are made of, and the robin; after which we will go into the yard together, and look at the poultry, and the pigs.

LESSON V.

THE COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make your milk so sweet!

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there to dine.

THE SHEEP.

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why,
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass, and daisies white,
From dewy morn to darksome night?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to give you clothes?
Cold, and very cold you'd be,
Did you get no wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To crop the herbage in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass,
On the cold and wetted grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And shears my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master, this is why,
In the pleasant fields I lie.

THE SPARROWS.

Hop about, pretty sparrows, and pick up the hay,
And the twigs, and the wool, and the moss;
Indeed I'll stand far enough out of your way,
So don't fly away, then, so cross.

I don't want to catch you, my dear little Dick,
And fasten you up in a cage;
To hop all day long on a straight bit of stick,
Or to flutter about in a rage.

I only just wish to stand by you, and see
How you gather the twigs for your house,
Or sit at the foot of the mulberry-tree,
While you twitter a song in the boughs.

Oh dear! if you'd eat a crumb out of my hand,
How happy and glad should I be;
Then come, pretty birds, while I quietly stand
At the foot of the mulberry-tree.

WHAT CLOTHES ARE MADE OF.

Come here to Papa, and I'll tell my dear boy,
For I think he would never have guess'd;
How many poor animals we must employ,
Before little Will can be drest.

The pretty sheep gives you the wool from his sides,
To make you a jacket to use;
And the calf or the seal must be stript of their hides,
To give you a good pair of shoes.

And then the grey rabbit contributes his share,
He helps to provide you a hat;
For this must be made of his delicate hair,
And so you may thank him for that.

And many poor animals suffer, besides,
And each of them yields us a share.
They lose their warm clothing, or give us their hides,
That we may have plenty to wear.

Then as the poor creatures are call'd on to give
So much for the comfort of man;
I think 'tis but right, that as long as they live,
We should do all for *them* that we can.

Rhymes for the Nursery.

CHARLES AND ANIMALS.

The cow has a horn, and the fish has a gill;
The horse has a hoof, and the duck has a bill;
The bird has a wing, that on high he may sail;
And the lion a mane, and the monkey a tail,
And they swim, or they fly; or they walk, and they eat,
With fin or with wing, or with bill or with feet.

But Charles has two hands, with five fingers to each,
On purpose to work with, to hold, and to reach.

No birds, beasts or fishes, for work or for play,
Have any thing half so convenient as they.
But if Charles do not use them, and keep them in use,
As well might he not have hands, like a poor goose.

PLAYING IN THE GARDEN.

Little Sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.
On the grass-plat let us sit,
Or if you please we'll play a bit,
And run about all over it;

But the fruit we will not pick,
For that would be a naughty trick,
And very likely make us sick.
Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because you know they are not ours.

We'll pluck the daisies white and red,
Because mama has often said,
That we may gather them instead.
And much I hope we always may
Our very dear mama obey,
And mind whatever she may say.

THE ROBIN.

See, mama, what a sweet little prize I have found;
A robin that lay half benumb'd on the ground;

I caught him, and fed him, and warm'd in my
breast;
And he is as nimble and gay as the rest.

Look, look! how he flutters! he'll slip from my
hold.
Ah rogue! you've forgotten both hunger and cold.
But indeed 'tis in vain; for I shan't set you free,
For all your whole life, you my prisoner shall be.

Well housed and well fed, in your cage you shall
sing,
And make our dull winter as gay as the spring,
But, stay! sure 'tis cruel! with wings made to
soar,
To be shut up in prison, and never fly more.

And I, who so often have long'd for a flight,
Shall *I* keep you prisoner? mama! is it right?
No; come, pretty robin, I must e'en set you free;
For your whistle though sweet would sound sadly
to me.

From Original Poems.

LESSON VI.

THE YARD.

Now you have read those pretty poems, and read them pretty well, we will go out into the yard, as I said we would. Mary, take a little barley and some grits in your apron for the

poultry. Look, how the fowls come flying down from their perches! The Cock marches at the head of them. How stately he struts along! What beautiful crimson and black feathers he has in his wings, and tail, and all over his body. Do you observe this fine red comb on his head, and his white ivory bill? See, he claps his wings; and now he crows aloud. He has a voice like a trumpet. His feet are armed with sharp spurs. He is very brave, and will fight in defence of his hens and their chickens. He is so beautiful, that if he were brought from some distant country, and cost a great deal of money, he would be highly valued and admired. But because we see such birds every day, we think little of them. So it is with a great many other things. Because they are common, their beauty and usefulness are not observed. It is too much so with even the wonders of God's power, and the gifts of his goodness. Because day after day, and night after night, we see the light, the green grass, the blue sky, the sun, moon, and stars; and have our food and clothes, and a great many other good things, we forget their benefit to us, we neglect and overlook them. That is not right.

Here comes the speckled hen with her fine brood of chickens! See how careful she is of them! Throw down a few grains of barley, Mary, and some grits. Look how she calls the chickens round her, and shows them the grits! She picks up the barley herself, because that is fit for her. The chickens take the grits, for they are smaller than the grains of barley, and better for them.

Hens sit three weeks on their eggs, before the little chickens come out of them; and, during all that time, they scarcely ever move off the nest; though at other times they are so active.

Ducks and geese sit for a month, and pigeons about a fortnight.

Do not try to catch the chickens, for the hen will fly at you, perhaps.

If any one goes near them, she ruffles up her feathers, and looks very angry.

How pretty those little chickens are! See, they are drinking some water out of that pan. They turn up their heads when they swallow, to let the water trickle down their throats. We do not do so, when we drink, because we have a muscle, or fleshy cord in our throats, which, by its motion, carries down the liquid we swallow.

Now they have done eating, they creep under their mother's wings, and she extends them so far, and puffs out her feathers so as to cover them all. It is God teaches them to run to her for shelter, and teaches her to cover and guard them. And God teaches all other animals to take care of their young, while they are too weak to take care of themselves; and when they are big enough to get their own living, then their parents turn them off, and care no longer about them; and know them no longer.

But it is not so with men and women. Mama and I shall continue to know and love you as long as we live, and I hope, that you will always love us. And we are to know and love one another after we shall go from this world to a better.

Look at those pretty pigeons flying about! See! some of them are turning over in the air, as if they would tumble to the ground. That is their play; and for that reason they are called tumblers. There are several kinds of pigeons. What beautiful colours are on the necks of those two perched on the tiles of the wash-house; purple and gold, and blue! Those white ones with tails standing up like the tails of hens, are called fan-tail pigeons.

Pigeons never lay more than two eggs at a time; and the young ones which come out of those two eggs, generally pass their lives together as a pair.

The ducks and geese are happy, swimming about in the pond. They are web-footed; that is, their claws are joined together by pieces of thick skin; and when they swim, they strike with those broad feet against the water, and so push themselves along. The water is so natural to them that they run into it, as soon as they come from the eggs; and are able to swim at once. The flesh of poultry, which is the common name given to fowls, ducks, and geese, is very nice and wholesome; but that is not their only use. Beds and pillows are stuffed with their feathers; and of the lower parts, or quills, of the feathers in the wings of the geese, pens are made. Do you see the great turkey-cock, marching before his ladies, who are waddling awkwardly along? Do not go too near him. See how he bristles up his feathers, and lets down that piece of flesh like a red rag over his bill; and raises his tail, and brushes the ground

with his wings, making a rustling noise! That is a sign that he is angry: and though he is, in reality, a coward, yet he will sometimes attack little children, and throw them down. The flesh of turkeys is very good, but their quills are too hard for making pens.

There are the pigs. John is giving them their breakfast. Hark, how they grunt: what a disagreeable noise! Look how eagerly they take their food; big and little, tumbling over one another. That is an image of gluttony, or great love of eating. Little boys and girls, if they talk much about eating and drinking, and are often thinking about what they shall have for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and eat too much when they have nice things, and eat in a hurry, are, then, too much like pigs.

The male is called a boar; the female, a sow. Sows have often a great many little ones at once; from ten to twenty. Hogs or pigs will eat anything that is eatable. But they seem best pleased with vegetables; such as cabbage-stalks, potatoes, pea-shells, the acorns of the oaks, and the nuts of the beach trees, called mast. Their flesh is named pork, and when salted in a particular way, it has the name of bacon or ham. Their lard, or fat cleaned, is used in making many sorts of plasters; and their bristles are formed into brushes of different kinds, and used instead of needles for sewing leather. Now let us go into the house again, and have some lessons.

LESSON VII.

Come, Mary, bring me your copy book, and your brother's. You shall both write a few lines. You know I never desire you to write much at a time, for fear of tiring your hands, and making you dislike it. But to be able to write, and to write well, is a very useful thing. Now I have ruled the lines, and mended the pens for you. Take the pen between your fore finger, your middle finger, and your thumb. Put your fore finger a little over the pen; the second finger on one side, the thumb on the other. Lean on the other two fingers. Stretch out the fingers, and bend your knuckles like hinges, when you want to draw the pen towards you, in order to shape the letters. Keep your right elbow close to your side, and lean upon your left arm. Hold your body upright, and do not let your stomach touch the table. Press a little on the pen when you are making the down strokes, and let the upward strokes be finer. Make your downward strokes straight, and do not turn them, till they are drawn quite down to the line. Do not let there be any angles, nor sharp corners, in your writing, but let all your turnings be quite round. Now try to imitate the copy before you. Very well, my dear children, that will do; that is enough for this time. Now let us read one or two amusing and improving stories.

LITTLE FREDERIC.

Little Frederic did not love to rise early in the morning. It was in vain that the servant awak-

ened him, for, in a minute after, he would fall asleep again as soundly as before. So that every day, it was more and more trouble to get him out of bed.

Not but that Frederic often made the resolution of conquering this lazy habit, yet he never had courage enough to bring it into practice; and the habit, stronger than good will, grew more powerful every day. However, one fine bright summer morning, he happened to awake at five o'clock, and making a great effort, he jumped out of bed, in spite of the inclination to lie still and go to sleep again.

As soon as he was dressed, he said his prayer, and went down into the flower garden. There he saw the glorious sun rise; a new sight to him; a beautiful sight, of which the slothful deprive themselves. There he breathed the cheering freshness of the morning, and the sweet odour of the flowers, which were blooming around him. There he heard the charming twittering and notes of the lark, the thrush, the linnet, the blackbird, and many other songsters of the grove. He was so delighted with all this, that he cried out aloud, "Oh what a delicious morning! "And I should not have enjoyed it, if I had not "risen so early." That is not all. He went back to his chamber, and there learnt his lessons much more easily than usual; and he was gay and cheerful all the rest of the day.

Then he reasoned thus with himself. "Since "the slight effort which I made to conquer my-"self this morning, has given me so much plea-"sure and satisfaction to day, I should be very

"foolish, indeed, if I ever suffered sloth to "overcome me again."

He rose early the next morning; continued to do so for some days following, and felt that every day it was less difficult to get up early. At last, he formed such a habit of early rising, that he could scarcely stay in bed till five o'clock, and never remained therein after that hour.

This story teaches us, that if we have a bad habit of any kind, either of lying in bed too long, or of idling instead of working, or of talking too much, or of eating and drinking too much, or of thinking only about self, or of being in a passion when any thing or any body vexes us, or of being proud and vain, or of fretting and pouting, or of being obstinate; we ought to get rid of it as soon as possible, and that if we try heartily and constantly to do it, we may succeed.

William, read this pretty short story, which shows how foolish and even dangerous it is to be in a passion against things that could not mean to offend or hurt us.

LITTLE GEORGE.

Little George had hidden himself in a garden, in which he and some of his playfellows had been permitted to walk, in order to play them a trick, thinking that they would give themselves the trouble to look for him, and that they would not go away till they had found him.

However, after a little while, not hearing the noise of their talking and running about, he came out from his hiding place, and began to *look for his* companions.

But no companions could he find. They were all gone without him. He cried out loudly, William, Robert, Charles. No one answered. He was left alone. He ran to the door of the garden. Unfortunately for him it was shut. This put him out of temper, and he began to call more loudly than before, William, Robert, Charles, open the door for me, and let me out. They were far enough off, and the neighbours either could not, or would not hear him. He grew frightened, and angry, and at last got into a violent passion.

And against whom do you think his passion was vented? Why, against the door, which could neither hear, nor feel him, nor know what was the matter. Could he imagine that the door could open of itself to let him go out? But passion makes people blind and foolish. He began to kick against the door with all his might; and if it had not been pretty thick and strong, he would surely have broken it. He had already given it a hundred thumps, when kicking at it once more with all his force, a nail, which the carpenter had forgotten to rivet, that is to turn with the pincers, when it was driven through the wood, ran into his foot so far, that it remained fixed to the nail, and he could not draw it away. Many times did he try to get his foot loose, but all in vain. At last, he was obliged to take patience, and stay quietly in that sad condition. He had been in that uneasy and painful state, a quarter of an hour; the blood was running out from his shoe, and he was ready to faint, when the gardener opened the

door hastily, by which the nail was violently torn out of George's foot, and he fell lifeless upon the ground. The gardener took him up immediately, and carried him home.

Thus, because he would not wait in the garden for a short time, till the door might be opened, little George was obliged to remain for a long time shut up in his chamber, in bed, and in great pain; and thus he was punished for giving way to passion.

Translation from GAULTIER.

LESSON VIII.

ARE you tired of reading my dear children? No! well, then, let us read a little poetry.

INNOCENT PLAY.

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But William and Mary, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs;
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jest or in play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
How rude are the boys who threw pebbles and mire;
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you 'tis all but in sport.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of June and July;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
In a day they both wither and die.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.

So frail are the youth and the beauty of man!
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since, so quickly, they wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
This will scent like the rose when I'm dead.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Though I'm now in youthful days,
Nor can tell what will befall me,
I'll prepare for every place,
To which my growing age may call me.

Should I ere be rich or great,
  Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
  And never show them scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind and lame,
  Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same,
  If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
  Why should I return their railing?
Since I best revenge my wrongs,
  By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
  Talking nonsense, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise;
  Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What if I be low and mean,
  I'll engage the rich to love me;
While I'm modest, neat, and clean;
  And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
  I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
  Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
  Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss, I'll try to mend,
  And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still,
O'er my humours and my passions;
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked habits lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
As not to be afraid of dying.

THE NEST OF ANTS.

It is such a beautiful day,
The sun shines so bright and so warm;
The little ants busy and gay,
Are come from their holes in a swarm.

All winter together they sleep,
Or in under-ground passages run;
Not one of them daring to peep,
To see the bright face of the sun.

But the snow is now melted away,
And the trees are well cover'd with green;
And the little ants busy and gay,
Creeping out from their houses are seen.

They've left us no room to go by,
So we'll step aside on the grass;
For a hundred poor insects might die,
Under your little feet, as they pass.

THE EMMETS, OR ANTS.

These emmets how little they are in our eyes,
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern;

Yet as wise as we are, did we go to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant;
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be at the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime.

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness may come,
And pray that my sins be forgiv'n;
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

SLEEPY HARRY.

I do not like to go to bed,
Sleepy, pettish Harry said;
So naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come with you, I say.

O what a silly little child!
Is this my Harry, good and mild?
Then, Betty, you must come and carry,
This sleepy, foolish, pettish Harry.

The pretty birds are better taught,
They go to roost just when they ought;
And all the ducks and fowls you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders round with naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head;
Oh, he'd be glad to go to bed.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber."
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;

The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care in improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I, then, to my heart, here's a lesson for me,
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Which taught me betimes to love working and reading.

DR. WATTS' *Nursery Rhymes.*

LESSON IX.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

You have read very well. I will give you, now, a short lesson in what is called grammar, and I will make it as easy as I can for you.

Grammar teaches the rules for writing and speaking well. Every body ought to be able to write and to speak his own language well. To write or speak bad grammar, and to spell words falsely, is a mark of great negligence and laziness, or of not having been properly taught.

Words having different meanings are called parts of speech, and have particular names given them.

We could not talk to one another about the the things we see, which we handle and use every day, if they had not names.

What you are sitting upon is called a chair, you know. What you are leaning upon is called a table. What you were writing with just now are called pens, ink, and paper.

Now these names of the things that you see, touch, talk of yourselves, or hear others talk about, are Nouns or Substantives. Such are, the door, the window, the garden, the house, the dog, the cat.

There are other words which tell you the nature of those things, the names of which are called Nouns or Substantives; as red, square, hard, soft, sweet, sour. These words are called Adjectives, that is, words added to Nouns. Thus, the red cow, the square table, the hard iron, the soft butter, the sweet sugar, the sour lemon; here the adjectives tell you what is the colour of the cow; what is the figure of the table; what iron and butter are to the touch; what sugar and lemons are to the taste. But you do not want to know only the names of things you see, touch, and talk about, and what are their kinds and nature; you would like to know also what they do, that is how they act.

The words which tell you this, are called Verbs, that is, *the words* to express their great importance in language. To run, to stand, to walk, to swim, to fly, are verbs. The swift dogs run.

The tall man walks. The square table stands. The little ducks swim. The pretty birds fly. Here the words, swift, tall, square, little, pretty, show something about the nature of the nouns, dogs, man, table, ducks, birds; and the words, run, walks, stands, swim, fly, tell what they are doing.

Another part of speech is called Pronoun, that is a word put instead of a noun, to prevent the repeating of it too often. I, thou, he, she, it, we, they, you, this, that, who, which, are words of that kind. So, Mary, instead of saying, "Mamma came into my room this morning, and mamma dressed me, and mamma washed me, and mamma combed me;" to avoid repeating the word mamma so many times, you say, "Mamma came into my room this morning, she dressed me, and she washed, and she combed me."

"Mr. Broderip came yesterday to give me my music lesson. He is a good teacher. He is a kind man. He is pleasant in his manners. Here, instead of repeating the name, Mr. Broderip, three times, you use the pronoun *he*.

Words which tell you the time *when*, the place *where*, the manner *how*, any action is done, are called Adverbs, that is, words joined to verbs, just as adjectives are words joined to nouns. William ran hither, just now, carelessly, and jogged the table at which I was writing. The words, hither, just now, carelessly, are adverbs; they are joined to the verb ran. The first shews the place, the second the time, the third the manner of the action expressed by that verb.

There are certain words placed before sub-

stantives or pronouns, to show their relation to some other word, and these are named Prepositions, that is, words set before. In, with, by, from, to, for, into, and many others, are prepositions. They are used in this manner, the dog is *in* his kennel. *In* is a preposition which shows the situation in which the dog is to his kennel. William went *with* Mary *into* the garden. *With* is a preposition pointing out the situation in which William and Mary are to each other; and *into* is another preposition showing their situation with respect to the garden. Papa is gone *from* York *to* London. *From* and *to* are prepositions that point out the situation of papa with regard to London and York.

Other words, such as and, or, because, although, are used to join words, and parts of sentences which are composed of words, they are therefore called Conjunctions, or joining words. You and I and Mary, will take another walk by and by, because it is fine weather. Here, the conjunction, *and*, joins the three words, *you, I, and Mary*; the conjunction, *because*, joins the two members of the sentence. The sounds which you make when you are frightened, or hurt, or surprised, or very much delighted, or are very sorry, are called Interjections, that is, things thrown in between. Such are, oh, ah, alas.

If a number of oranges were on the table, and you could not go to the table to help yourself, Mary, you would ask your brother to bring you what you wanted; and it would be right that you should tell him, whether you wanted *one* only, and perhaps you would like to point which one.

The words which do this are called Articles, *a* or *an*, which is nearly the same as one, means any one of a number, and *the* marks the particular one.

Thus, then, the parts of speech are noun or substantive, adjective, verb, adverb, pronoun, preposition, conjunction, interjection, article.

I hope you pretty well understand them; but you will know them better, and learn more about grammar, when you are older.

LESSON X.

THE NOONDAY WALK.

We have now time to take a longer walk than we did before breakfast. We will go through the fields to the windmill, and then pay a visit to the carpenter in the village. I suppose you will like that very well.

You see how much higher in the heavens the sun is at present than when we were out last. How much warmer it is! That is, because the rays of the sun come more directly down upon us, and because they have heated the air. The dew is all gone from the grass and the bushes. The sky is blue and clear, and there is hardly a cloud to be seen. The cows and the sheep are lying still in the shade of the trees. The flies, and many other winged insects are buzzing about, and rejoicing in the warm sun beams. *The* cicada is chirping loud and shrill in the

grass, and among the branches of the trees. It is this insect which makes those small parcels of froth that are commonly called cuckoo spit. If you blow away the froth you will find the little green cicada hidden in the midst of it. It sucks the juices of the plant on which it resides, and then spirts them out in minute bubbles till it has quite covered itself. But the creature is not perfect in that state, for it goes through several changes first. When it is come to perfection it has wings, is very pretty, and can make that loud pleasant noise.

A famous Grecian poet, called Anacreon, made some verses upon this insect, which have been translated into English.

Happy insect, blithe and gay,
Seated on the sunny spray;
And fill'd with dew the leaves among,
Singing sweet thy chirping song.

All the various seasons' treasures,
All the products of the plains,
Thus lie open to thy pleasures,
Favourite of the rural swains.

Thy cheerful note in wood and vale
Fills every heart with glee;
And summer smiles in double charms,
While thus proclaimed by thee.

We must not walk fast when it is so warm.

Well, here we are in the wheat field! You have seen barley growing, and observed that the ears have long spikes hanging from them like a

beard. Look, this wheat has no such beard, and the ear is larger and heavier than that of the barley. Pull up one of the plants. There are seven stalks growing from one root; each stalk has a ear at the end of it. Count the grains that each ear contains. Twenty! Seven times twenty are a hundred and forty. What a wonderful increase! A hundred and forty grains of wheat produced from one! Such care does the gracious Father of all take to provide nourishing food for mankind! But you must not suppose that so great an increase takes place always. Yet men, in common, gather about eight times the quantity of wheat they sow.

Wheat is nine or ten months in growing, coming to perfection, and ripening. As soon as the harvest of one year is gathered in, men plough up the ground and sow it again immediately. The plough cuts and turns over the earth, and breaks the clods. Then the seed is either scattered over it, which is called broad cast; or it is set in holes made with a sharp pointed instrument, and that is called dibbling, because such an instrument is called a dibble.

The earth is raked over the seed when it is sown by the harrow, a machine full of great iron teeth. When the corn is ripe, the reapers cut it down with hooks called sickles, tie it up in bundles or sheaves, carry it into the barn, and thrash it for use, that is, beat out the grains from the ears with an instrument called a flail. The stalk left behind is named straw. The miller then grinds it into flour, and the baker makes bread of it.

Oh, we are come to the windmill; and now you shall see how the corn is ground. Those four large fans or wings are called the sails of the mill. They catch the wind, and are moved round by it very fast when it blows hard. Those sails or wings are fastened upon a large bar or axle, and by means of that move different wheels in the inside of the building, which turn round that large round flat stone you see, inclosed in a kind of box, and pressing heavily upon another such stone which remains fixed. The corn is made to pass between those stones, called mill-stones; and by the rapid motion of the upper upon the lower, is bruised and ground into a powder. After that, it is sifted in the bolting machine, which is in this large wooden box or bin. The miller will be so kind as to open it. There, the powder, or flour, flies out upon you, and has powdered your faces and clothes.

The boulter is made of frame work, five or six feet long, round which a piece of coarse stuff, called canvass, is strained tightly. Look, there it is. The meal produced from the first grinding of the ears of corn, is put into this boulting machine. See, now the mill is at work, how fast it turns round! It is the quickness of this motion that makes the fine flour fly off through the canvass so, while the bran, or coarse husky part, falls to the bottom of the box by itself. The box is shut up to prevent the flour from being scattered all over the place.

Now you understand what a windmill is, and how it grinds corn. But there are other mills, the inside wheels of which are moved by a large

wheel outside instead of sails, which is turned round by water falling upon it, or running against its lower part. These are named water-mills, and are better than windmills, because the water is almost always running, but the wind is not always blowing.

LESSON XI.

THE NOONDAY WALK CONTINUED.

We will go on to the village, and in the way you shall see some pretty birds which are in Mr. Edgeworth's pleasure grounds. They are in this inclosed corner of his park; and there is the woman whose business it is to take care of them. I dare say, she will willingly show them to us. There, look! She has scattered some grain upon the grass calling them with a particular note, and they are coming out from under the bushes. They are very shy, at first, but by degrees, they are coming nearer and nearer to us; and now, they are beginning to eat. How very beautiful they are! They are called pheasants. Some are of a fine gold colour, varied with streaks of purple and green. Others are of a clear white, with purple stripes on the neck and breast. Do you see those which are marked as regularly, as if done by the pencil. They are named pencilled pheasants, and the others, gold and silver pheasants. They are fed with the eggs of ants and curds; but they will eat oats and barley, and frequently pick up insects.

What bird is that making such a harsh screaming noise? It is a peacock perched in that high tree. He is come down to have his share with the pheasants. What splendid colours adorn him! Purple and gold, blue and green. He seems quite proud of his beauty, and pleased to be noticed. There! he is spreading his tail. What fine long feathers. The coloured spots on them look like so many eyes. Common pheasants that fly about wild, are killed, and eaten, and are very nice. The young ones of Peacocks, called pea-poults are sometimes brought to table; and the peacock itself was formerly a famous dish for kings, warriors, and knights. These birds came originally from India. As we are here, we may as well go through the park to the village, and perhaps we may see some of the deer that belong to Mr. Edgeworth. There is a large herd of them feeding under those trees. Some are spotted, some are of a reddish brown colour. Those with branching horns, are called stags; they are the males; and those without horns, are the does, or females. Towards the end of February, stags shed their horns, and new ones soon begin to grow. While they are without horns they separate from one another, and endeavour to conceal themselves entirely, because they are then without defence. But in about three months their new horns grow to full size, and they come out from their hiding places, and associate in large herds.

Look! how fast they run! They are called fallow deer, and were brought first to Europe from Bengal in India, and were imported from

Norway to England. Their flesh is very good to eat, and is named venison. Of their skin, soft thick leather is made for riding breeches and gloves. Their horns are very hard and solid, and are used as handles for knives. They contain a salt from which is extracted spirit of hartshorn. There are some of the large red deer, which run wild upon the hills of Scotland, and in some remote parts of Ireland. They are sometimes fierce and dangerous. There is a kind of deer in Lapland, which, you know, is the most northerly part of Europe, that serves the inhabitants instead of horses, and most of the other animals which we have.

The rein deer draw the Laplanders in their sledges, or sliding cars, over the ice and frozen snow, with astonishing rapidity. They supply them with milk of which cheese is made; and furnish them by their hides, with warm covering, and answer many other useful purposes, These animals cannot live in warm climates : they feed chiefly upon a kind of white moss that will grow under the snow, and which, with surprising sagacity, they dig out with their feet. We have had a pleasant walk through the park, and here we are come to the village.

This is the carpenter's shop. Let us go in, for I want to tell him to do some work for me. The carpenter's art is very useful. It is his business to cut, and shape, and join wood for building and other purposes. He makes planks for the floors of houses, and rafters and beams to support them and the roofs; and doors, window-*frames, sashes* and shutters, and stairs, and

balustrades, and rails. The principal kinds of wood used by carpenters, are deal, oak, elm, and mahogany. Deal is the wood of the fir tree, and is brought chiefly from Sweden, Norway, and Canada. Oak is principally made use of by ship carpenters. Mahogany is a kind of cedar, which grows in great abundance, in the islands of Cuba, Jamaica, Domingo, or Hayti, and in the Bays of Honduras and Campeachy, on the Isthmus of Panama. Carpenters have need of a great variety of tools; saws to cut wood; planes to smooth it; chisels, nails, hammers to drive in nails; awls and gimblets to bore holes. The difference between a carpenter and a joiner is, that the former is employed in the larger, stronger, and coarser operations; the latter in the smaller. The cabinet maker forms all the more curious and ornamental furniture of the house.

The sawyers are at work; I am glad of it, that you may observe how planks are cut out of solid timber or trunks of trees, and prepared for the use of the carpenters. You see that the timber is laid over the mouth of an oblong pit, and is cut by means of a long saw, fastened in a frame, which is worked up and down by two men, one standing on the wood to be cut, and the other in the pit. As they proceed in their work, they drive in wedges, at proper distances, to keep the cut open, that the saw may move more easily. The line which they are to follow, is marked with chalk, upon the timber, and they follow it exactly.

There are shorter saws of different sizes, with

only one handle, and fitted for one man to use, for cutting smaller pieces of wood; and some of them are very fine. The saw is a very useful instrument. The invention of it, is ascribed to Icarus, the son of Dedalus, a famous mechanic of antiquity; and he is supposed to have borrowed the idea from the spine of a flat fish.

The best saws are made of steel, ground bright and polished. The edge in which the teeth are, is always thicker than the back. The teeth are cut and sharpened by a triangular file. When filed, the teeth are, what is called, set; that is, turned out of a right line, to make the opening in the wood wider, in order that the back may follow with ease. This is done by putting an instrument between every two teeth, and giving it a little twist, which turns one tooth one way, and the next in another direction. The teeth are always set ranker; that is, wider, for coarse cheap work, than for that which is hard and fine.

In order to save the labour of man, and to get more of this hard work more quickly done, mills have been invented for sawing, which are worked by water, by wind, or by steam. A saw-mill consists of several saws parallel, or placed evenly near one another, which are made to rise and fall perpendicularly by a mechanical motion. The pieces of timber are placed so as for the saws to work upon them, by means of rollers, or are suspended by ropes, which operation is done by mens' hands.

Sawing-mills have long been common in those *countries, where* fir timber grows wild; as Nor-

way, Sweden, and America. In Sweden is the largest saw-mill known. It has seventy-two saws, which are worked by means of a water wheel, twelve feet in diameter; that is, thirty-six feet in circumference, or round.

LESSON XII.

If you are not tired of your walk, we will go on through the village, and return home by the high road. So we may pay a visit to the cooper's shop, and perhaps we may see the bricklayers at work upon the new house, which Mr. Edgar is building. Ay! there is the cooper busily employed in putting together a large barrel, called a hogshead. See he is fastening on a hoop. He holds in his left hand, a flat piece of wood, which he lays on the edge of the hoop, while he strikes it with the hammer that he has in his right hand. To make the hoops stick, he puts chalk on the staves, before he begins this part of his work. The tops and bottoms he joins by wooden pegs.

The cooper makes casks, tubs, pails, and many other useful vessels. His principal materials are oaken staves, the greater part of which come from America. They are sometimes bent, and sometimes straight. For tubs and pails, and such vessels, the bottoms of which are smaller than the tops; the staves are wider at top than at bottom. These staves are kept together by hoops made of hazel and ash; but when parti-

cular strength is required, iron hoops are used. To enable such vessels to hold liquids, the cooper places between each stave, from top to bottom, split flags, which swell with moisture, and so prevent them from leaking. Coopers use many tools, besides axes, saws, and the like, common to them and the carpenters. The stock and bit, hangs over the left shoulder of the cooper when at work. It is an instrument composed of two parts; the stock, which is the handle, and the bit which is a sort of piercer, that fits into the bottom of the stock, so that bits of different kinds and sizes, may be fitted into the same stock, according as the work may require.

The adze is a cutting tool of the axe kind, having a very thin, arched, blade; it is used chiefly for taking off thin chips, and cutting hollow sides to boards. The auger, or awgre, is a kind of large gimblet, consisting of a wooden handle, and an iron blade, terminating in a steel bit or borer.

Some of these useful workmen often travel about into remote parts of the country, where there would not be regular work enough to employ a cooper always in his shop. A travelling cooper carries with him a few hoops of different sizes, some iron rivets and wooden pegs, his hammer, adze, and stock and bit; with these few tools he can repair all washing tubs and brewing utensils, churns and wooden vessels used in dairies.

The cooper has now done working, and I suppose he is about to go to his dinner; so let us *walk on.*

The bricklayers are at work, as I supposed. You see they are standing on a scaffold, which consists of upright poles, to which two or more poles are fastened horizontally at one end, while the other end is fixed in the wall. On these flat boards are laid to form a kind of floor. Each bricklayer has the mortar at his right foot, and the bricks at his left. On the ground is the labourer making the mortar; the board upon which he carries it up that ladder is called a hod. The mortar is made of a kind of stone called lime, which has been burnt in a round furnace called a limekiln; look, he pours water upon it, and it cracks, and it sends forth a vapour, and heat is produced; the stones now fall to pieces into a kind of wetted powder, and he makes a paste of them, adding a little sand or gravel.

The materials used by bricklayers are bricks, tiles, mortar, laths, or thin, long slips of wood, nails, and tile pins, a kind of nails or pegs made to fasten the tiles. Their tools are a brick-trowel, to take up and spread the mortar; a brick-axe to cut bricks to a proper size and shape; a saw which is sometimes requisite for their work; a stone on which to rub the bricks smooth, when great exactness is necessary; a square to lay evenly the bed or foundation of a wall; a level with which the under sides of bricks are cut to any required angle, and two sides of which move on a joint so as to be set to any angle; a banker, which is a piece of timber about six feet long, and laid on two other pieces of timber, three feet high from the floor on which they stand, on this they cut the bricks; line-pins and a line are

used to lay the rows of bricks exactly even; a plumb rule, that is a piece of lead supended by a cord in a wooden frame, by means of which they try whether their work be upright as they go on with it, and a level or two pieces of wood, or metal, at right angles; a rammer of heavy wood, to beat the foundation close and firm; an iron crow, a pick-axe and shovel, to clear away opposing obstacles.

Bricks are made of clay, with which are mixed coal-ashes. There are two kinds of bricks, stock-bricks and place-bricks; stock-bricks are the hardest and most burnt, and are used for the outside of walls, while with place-bricks the middle and inside work is done.

A good bricklayer with his labourer, will lay in a single day about a thousand bricks, in what is called whole and solid work, when the wall is a brick and a half or two bricks thick.

We are come now to the stone mason, or stone cutter's yard. His business is to hew or square stones and marble, and to cut them for the purposes of building. His tools are the square, the level, the plumb line, the bevel, the compasses, the hammer, the chisel, the mallet, or large wooden hammer, the saw and the trowel.

You see there is one man carving a stone with a mallet and chisel; take care, do not go too near to him, for the splinters fly about, which may give you a hard blow, or perhaps get into your eyes.

That other man is sawing into thin pieces a large block of stone. The stone mason's saw is *different from* the carpenter's; it has no teeth,

and is moved backwards and forwards by one man, and cuts the stone by its own weight; he wets the stone with water that the saw may work more easily. Marble takes a very fine polish, and is therefore in great repute for ornaments of buildings, statues, tombs, chimney pieces and tablets; Portland stone, which comes from Portland isle, in Dorsetshire, where there are vast quarries of it, is very much used by masons; it is applied to buildings in general, to copings at the tops of houses and walls, to window cills, to stone balusters, to steps and paving, where great neatness or ornament is required; when it comes out of the quarry this stone is very soft, and works easily, but becomes hard by long exposure to the air; the piers and arches of Westminster bridge, and the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, are built of this stone.

For cementing or joining stones fast together, stone masons make use of mortar, which I just now described to you; plaster of Paris, made by burning a kind of stone called gypsum, and for lining cisterns, wells, and other reservoirs of water; a sort of coarse plaster named tarrass, formed of a soft rock stone found principally on the banks of the river Rhine, and manufactured in Holland.

LESSON XIII.

Here we are returned home and dinner is not yet ready; suppose we employ the intermediate

time in reading. We ought all of us to be thankful to God for having brought us into life, and for having given us the valuable powers and faculties we possess; and we have every reason to be contented with the different situations in which his good and wise providence places us. And yet some people are always dissatisfied with what they have, and wishing for what they have not. I have here, in this book, written by a sensible and amiable man, who was justly called the friend of children, a very pretty history, that shows the folly of extravagant wishes. You shall read it.

A good papa, named Mr. Brown, and his two boys, Charles and William, were talking together one day in which they had been to see a giant, or an extraordinarily large man. Charles cried out suddenly, "I wish I was as tall as the giant we have seen to-day." "As tall as that giant," said William; "I wish I was as high as our Cherry tree."

Mr. B. Why do you wish *that*, William?

William. Because then I should have no need either of ladder or pole to get at the cherries when they are ripe. Only think, brother, how delightful it would be to hold one's head above all the trees in the orchard when walking through it! To be able to pick apples and pears as easily as we do currants and gooseberries! That would be no great misfortune.

Charles. And then we might look in at the windows of the second stories of houses, and see what the people in the rooms were doing. What a fine fright we might throw them into!

William. I should not be any longer afraid of

the carriages, as I am going through the streets. I should only have to straddle my legs out wide, and I should see horses and coachmen, coach and servants, running between them. I should laugh at them all finely.

Charles. You know the little river that runs at the bottom of our garden. Well, we should not want a boat, then, to pass over it, or be obliged to go half a mile about to the village bridge. Why, with one good jump, we should be on the other side.

William. And then if we were so much larger, we should be as much stronger too. Let a bear or a wolf meet me, then, in a forest, and instead of running away, or being eaten up by the rough-skinned fellow, I should twist his neck like I would a pigeon's; or I should toss him a couple of hundred feet up into the air; and, I believe, he would be so occupied by his fall, that he would forget to get up again.

Charles. We should not want oxen any more to till the ground; we should draw the plough along ourselves, and, in ten steps, we should be at the end of the field. The other day I saw more than fifty men driving piles for the foundation of a causeway. How hard they were working! Well, with such a huge great hammer, as we should then be able to handle, a single man might do all their work in one day. Is not that true, papa?

Mr. Brown. This is very fine talking! Yet, with all your famous wishes, you are a pretty pair of blockheads.

Charles. What! blockheads! How so, dear papa?

Mr. B. Yes, blockheads! to think that you would be happier, if you were to become as tall and strong as you say.

Charles. What, should we not be happier if we were able to do all we have been talking about?

William. For instance, would it not be very convenient to be able to reach so high, and to step so far at once.

Mr. B. Before I answer your question, tell me whether, in having such a prodigious stature and strength yourself, you would have all around you remain as small as they are now?

William. Yes, indeed, that I would, dear papa!

Charles. Yes, we three only, should be giants!

Mr. B. I am much obliged to you for that, but I had rather remain as I am. I am quite contented with my own size.

William. And yet you ought to be larger than we, papa; or else the children would have the whip-hand of their father.

Mr. B. I see it is fortunate for me that I am not exposed to such a danger.

William. Oh, no! papa, I would spare you. I should remember that you had often forgiven me.

Charles. And so, papa, you do not wish to grow bigger and taller?

Mr. B. No, indeed! Let us think of yourselves alone, and let us consider what would be the consequences to you, if you were to grow

so much taller and stronger, while all other people remained as they are. Now, tell me, William, if your wish were granted, and you became as high as our cherry tree, how would you be able to get into the orchard which is so full of trees? You would be forced to creep on all fours; and even so, you would find it very difficult to make good your entrance.

William. A pretty joke, indeed, that! I should only have to put my foot against the first tree that stood in my way, and I should break it like a blade of wheat, to make way for myself.

Mr. B. A very clever and sensible way of going to work! So, in proportion as you wanted fruit to please your appetite, you would destroy the trees that bear fruit. But let us step out of our own premises. Many of the high roads are bordered with elms, whose lofty branches join and entwine with one another. Men of common stature can pass under them quite at their ease, and they find these bowers and arches of verdure very agreeable during the heats of summer. But as for you, you would be obliged to traverse the open fields where you would find no shade, no shelter from the burning rays of the sun. And, then, what would become of you if a thick forest stood in your way. There you would have a furious beating down of trees to make before you could open a passage.

William. It would not cost me more labour than it would to make a hole through a hedge as I am at present.

Charles. I would root up the oaks, as Orlando

Furioso did, whose strange story you once told me.

Mr. B. I should very much pity the people who were doomed to live near you, But let us proceed. With the great legs you would then have, I suppose you would then like to travel.

William. Yes, indeed, papa! I would go to the world's end.

Mr. B. All in one breath, I suppose. And upon the road, where would you find a house, a chamber, a bed, big enough to hold you. You would have to sleep in the open air, upon hay or straw, through the most stormy nights, and in frost and snow. That would be very pleasant, William, would it not? What would you think of that?

William. Oh, dear! I should be like poor Gulliver in Lilliput.

Charles. We have not settled the matter well, I see.

We must give up part of our intention, and agree to it, that other men shall be as large as we ourselves.

Mr. B. That is very generous of you, truly. But how would the land produce food enough for nations of such monstrous giants! In a district where, at present, a thousand persons can subsist comfortably, twenty would hardly be supported in that case. Each one of us would eat up an ox in two days, and we should consume half a tun of milk at a single breakfast.

Charles. Oh, but I would have all the oxen and cows grow proportionably larger too.

Mr. B. And how would you feed such cattle in our meadow?

Charles. Badly enough, indeed!

Mr. B. I perceive, that through want of room, we should soon be in want of oxen and cows.

Charles. There is only one remedy for it that I can think of, and that is, to make the world itself proportionably bigger also.

Mr. B. Nothing embarrasses you, I see. In order to make yourself a few cubits higher, you enlarge all nature with a single word. A pretty fancy of yours is that! Yet, I still think, that I should not find much advantage in it.

Charles. Why not, papa?

Mr. B. Do you understand what proportion is?

Charles. No, papa, I do not.

Mr. B. Come, stand close by your brother. Which is the tallest of you two?

Charles. Why, you see, papa, he does not come up to my shoulders.

Mr. B. Well, now come and stand by me Which is the smallest of us two?

Charles. Unluckily, it is I.

Mr. B. You are, therefore, at the same time large and small, tall and short.

Charles. No, properly speaking, I am neither large nor small, tall nor short. I am large with respect to William, and small with respect to you.

Mr. B. And if we, all three, became ten times larger than we are, would you be

smaller with respect to me, and larger as to your brother.

Charles. No, papa, there would still be the same difference between you and me, and between me and William.

Mr. B. Well, that is what we call proportion; a proportional gradation.

Charles. Oh, now, I think, I understand it.

Mr. B. If so, let us return to our first idea. If every thing in nature became larger in proportion, you would be exactly at the same point from which you set out. You would not be tall enough to look in at the windows of the second floor, and frighten the people in the rooms. You would not be able to jump over rivers, nor to drive piles, nor to twist the neck of a bear or wolf, nor to throw him two hundred feet up into the air. He would be still as much bigger than you as now.

Charles. That's true.

Mr. B. William, have you heard what I have been saying?

William. Yes, dear papa.

Mr. B. And do you comprehend what is proportion?

William. Yes, I think I do. It is when one grows bigger and another grows equally bigger; so that there is still always the same difference between them. Stop! I believe I can give an example of it. Three years hence, though I shall be three years older, yet, as my brother will be three years advanced too, at the same time, he will still be the eldest, because he will *be still three* years older than I shall be.

Mr. B. Very well explained! In the same manner, though you should become as tall as our cherry tree, the cherry tree would likewise, in its turn, have grown higher in exactly the same proportion, so that it would be still as much higher than you, as it is at present. And would you be able, then, to pick cherries as you can gooseberries and currants?

William. No, papa, I should be forced to take my ladder and my pole again to get at the cherries; and not the *same* ladder and pole neither, for they must be proportionably longer also.

Mr. B. And would the carriages pass between your legs?

William. No, certainly! I should be forced to stand up against the wall to let them pass by, because they would still be as much larger and higher than I.

Mr. B. What advantages would you gain, then, by this general disturbance, which your pride would have introduced into nature?

Charles. Indeed, I don't know.

Mr. B. Your wishes, therefore, are foolish, since the accomplishment of them would not render you happier.

LESSON XIV.

THE READING LESSON CONTINUED.

Charles. You are right, indeed, papa. We had better have wished ourselves smaller than larger; smaller, by a great, a very great deal.

William. What, brother, like the little men in Gulliver's Travels?

Charles. Yes, indeed, just so.

Mr. B. That's a strange fancy truly! And what are your motives, pray, for such a diminution of size?

Charles. Why, first of all, we should in that case, never have to fear a scarcity of provisions. A handful of corn would support a whole family for four-and-twenty hours.

Mr. B. That would be a great saving indeed; a wonderful advantage!

Charles. Then, too, there would remain no occasion for wars. A place as large as our garden would be sufficient to build a city in; and so men having a thousand times more room, than what is necessary to set them at their ease, would not try to cut one anothers' throats for a few inches of land.

Mr. B. I would not answer for that, knowing their folly as well as I do. But let us not disturb such a fine arrangement by sad apprehensions. I see peace flourishing, and plenty prevailing in the land; and the golden age brought back to earth, by your care.

Charles. Oh, that is not all! Our teacher says that little creatures are generally more delicate, and come nearer to perfection than very large animals; that their sight is more piercing; that their hearing is finer; their smell more quick and certain. Is that true, papa?

Mr. B. Yes, speaking generally.

Charles. Then if man were as much smaller

as I would have him to be, he would see, and hear, and perceive a multitude of things, of which his present gross senses, give him no notion.

Mr. B. These are valuable advantages I allow; and yet I confess, that I should be sorry to give up, for them, that universal empire, which we possess over all other animals of this world.

Charles. It would not be lost by my plan. You have often told me, that the empire of man over the beasts, is owing much more to his powers of intellect than to bodily strength.

Mr. B. That is true! but it is because his strength is exactly adapted to, and combined with his understanding. But give to a Lilliputian, the boldest, and the most extensive genius, give him even all our inventions and arts in their full perfection; do you imagine that he would have power to use the most *delicate* of our instruments; or that he could set in motion our most simple and easy machine. How would he be able to defend himself against wild beasts, when, even his own dog might unintentionally crush him under his feet?

Charles, Yes, but if every thing around him became proportionably less! There, I think I have you, papa.

Mr. B. No; you have only caught yourself. For, from that instant, man would lose all the advantages you wish to procure for him by your plan of littleness. Those little harvests would not secure him from famine: those wars, without being less frequent and furious, would be

more absurd. The smaller animals would still have finer organs and more delicate sensations; and perhaps with his ridiculous littleness, some little fellow like you, might take it into his head to reform the whole creation.

Charles. You are too difficult to be pleased, dear papa; it is hard to settle any plan with you.

William. That is, because you don't know what yon are about, brother; there is only one way of settling things right.

Mr. B. What are you going to intermeddle again? Come let us hear your scheme!

William. Well, then, this is it; to have our bodies harder than iron.

Mr. B. Why so? What good would that do?

William. See, I have pricked my finger. It looks like nothing at all, and yet it gives me great pain. And this hole which I made in my head, a month ago, by falling down the staircase, it has not been a fortnight healed. Feel! here it is!

Mr. B. Yes, indeed, there it is; a great scar!

William. Oh what a pleasure it would be to play with our great dog, Sancho, without his being able to bite through my skin; and to catch up puss by the tail, without fear of being hurt by her sharp claws. Then, when I shall be a grown up man, and go to the wars, I should laugh at balls and bullets; and the broad swords would break against my head, instead of cutting open my skull. Would not that be a great advantage?

Mr. B. So it would!

William. A man would want nothing more. He would be perfect, then. What do you think of that, papa?

Mr. B. (Taking an orange out of his pocket.) Here William, smell this orange.

William. Oh how sweet it smells! How nice it must be to eat. Are you going to give it to me, for having settled our schemes better than my brother?

Mr. B. No it is not for you.

Charles. Is it for me, then?

Mr. B. No! not for you either. I intend it for some one more perfect than you two.

William. Who is that, I wonder?

Mr. B. For that image of a negro, which is on my chimney piece.

William. Ah, now you are laughing at us, papa. Why that fellow, can neither see, nor eat, nor smell.

Mr. B. And yet he is made of bronze.

William. That is the very reason, why he can neither see, nor smell, nor eat.

Mr. B. And you would have yielded up, then, the pleasure of smelling, and eating, and seeing, for the comfort of not breaking your head if you fell from my chimney piece; for according to your plan, you would have been good for nothing but to figure away there.

William. Oh that is not what I meant. I would be alive with my iron body.

Mr. B. And how could a body of iron be animated by that blood and those other juices, which are the sources of life? How could the nerves have that suppleness and that sensibility,

which render the use of our limbs so easy, and the pleasure of the senses so delicious.

William. That is a sad thing indeed! I see that my scheme is not better than my brother's.

Charles. But, papa, you who know so well how to overset our systems, tell us one which would be more reasonable.

Mr. B. Why should I do so? I am very well satisfied with that which I find already established. Yes, my dear children, I behold man well furnished with every thing that can contribute to his happiness.

Gifted with a conformation superior to that of all other animals, he subdues, by his intellectual faculty, the small number of those, whose bodily strength is superior to his. If he be not endowed with the swiftness of the stag, nor of the horse; he contrives missile weapons, which arrest the former in his course; and he mounts the back of the latter, and directs him as he pleases. Not possessing the wings of the bird, he gives wings to the immoveable tree that vegetates in the forest, and by it, formed into a ship, he transports himself to remotest regions. His sight, less piercing than that of the insect, is not, likewise, limited to the narrow space in which he moves; his view can take in an immense horizon, and contemplate the grander wonders of creation. He cannot look steadily at the sun like the eagle, but he has invented instruments which, as it were, bring that glorious luminary near to him, enable him to measure its distance, and to observe its situation in the midst of the *multitude of* the stars, obscured by its superior

slendour. All his other senses procure for him continual enjoyments, and contribute equally to his pleasure and his safety.

The noble consciousness of his own powers impels him to attempt new discoveries from day to day. He disarms the thunder, and marks the spot where the lightning shall fall. He combats one element by means of another. He opposes the cheering heat of fire to the frozen breath of the air; and by his labours he defends the land from the fury of the tempestuous sea. Sometimes he descends into the dark depths of the globe which he inhabits, to bring from them rich metals, which he purifies and of which he forms new substances by ingenious mixtures. Sometimes he undermines the mishapen rocks which tower above his head, precipitates them down into the vallies; and, of them constructs magnificent edifices, or rears lofty pyramids, which hide their heads in the clouds. The sciences elevate his soul, and extend his capacities; the fine arts soften his troubles, and refresh him after his labours. Memory and reflection give him experience. History affords him the products of the wisdom and experience of past ages. Together with the pleasing consciousness of his own existence, by the ties of blood and friendship, he enjoys likewise, that of others. When he is found in the moderate exercise of his strength, and the constant use of his reason; his happiness depends on himself alone, in the midst of the various objects that surround him. If sometimes he disturb that felicity, by endeavouring to pass the bounds assigned him

by his Maker; he has to blame his folly only. He is, then, a child like you, who instead of enjoying peaceably the comforts and advantages attached to his condition, and supporting its inconveniences with courage and patience, torments himself by unreasonable wishes, or degrades himself by shameful pusillanimity.

Well, Mary, how do you like that dialogue? Does it not plainly show the folly of not being contented with the mind and body which the good God hath given us, and of forming absurd and unreasonable wishes? Learn from it, then, to be thankful for the many blessings and advantages you possess, for the many enjoyments you have from thinking, from loving papa and mama, your brothers and sisters; from seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching.

Now we will read three or four short easy poems about birds, and then, I think, that dinner will be ready for us, and we shall be ready for it.

LESSON XV.

The Reading continued.—BIRDS.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, bounteous stranger of the wood,
  Attendant on the Spring;
Now heaven repairs thy verdant seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
  Thy welcome voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  And mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
  Of birds among the bowers.

The school boy wandering in the wood,
  To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom
  Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
  We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

Logan.

THE THRUSH.

How void of care yon merry thrush,
Who sings melodious on that bush;
Who has no stores of wealth to keep,
No lands to plow, no corn to reap.

He never frets for worthless things,
But lives in peace, and sweetly sings;
Enjoys the present with his mate,
Unmindful of to-morrow's fate.

Of calm felicity possest,
He glides through life supremely blest;
And for his daily meal relies
On Him whose love the world supplies.

Rejoic'd he finds his morning fare;
His dinner lies he knows not where;
Still to the unfailing hand he chaunts
His grateful song, and never wants.

THE SWALLOW.

Swallow, that on rapid wing,
Sweep'st along in sportive ring,
Now here, now there, now low, now high,
Chasing keen the painted fly,
Could I skim away with thee,
Over land and over sea,
What streams would flow? what cities rise?
What landscapes dance before my eyes?
First, from England's southern shore,
'Cross the channel would we soar,
And our ventrous course advance
To the lovely plains of France;
Sport among the feather'd choir,
On the verdant banks of Loire;
Skim o'er Garonne's majestic tide,
Where rich Bordeaux adorns its side;
Cross the towering Pyrenees.
'Mid orange groves and myrtle trees;

Entering, then, the wild domain,
Where wolves prowl round the flocks of Spain,
Where silk-worms spin and olives grow,
And mules plod surely on and slow.
Steering then for many a day,
Far to the south our course away,
From Gibraltar's rocky steep,
Towering o'er the foaming deep,
On sultry Afric's fruitful shore
We'd rest at length, our journey o'er,
Till vernal gales should gently play,
To waft us on our homeward way.

THE LARK.

See how the lark, the bird of day,
Springs from earth, and wings his way
To heaven's high vault, his course he bends,
And sweetly sings as he ascends.
But when contented with his height,
He shuts his wings and checks his flight,
No more he chaunts the lively strain,
But sinks in silence to the plain.

THE PEACOCK.

How rich the peacock! What bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun;
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours and adorns the day;
With conscious state his spacious tail displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

THE PHEASANT.

See from the brake the rushing pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah, what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings and breast of wavy gold.

THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.

Time was, when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare;
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs, my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close,
And cure of every ill;
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if thou hadst shown me less,
Had been thy prisoner still,

LITTLE BIRDS AND CRUEL BOYS.

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it one, two, and three,
And then very glad and delighted was she.

So, after a while, but how long I can't tell,
The little ones crept, one by one, from the shell,
And their mother was pleas'd, and she loved them well.

She spread her soft wings on them all the day long,
To warm and to guard them, her love was so strong,
And her mate sate beside her and sung a sweet song.

One day the young birds were all crying for food,
So off flew the mother away from her brood,
And up came some boys, who were wicked and rude.

So they pull'd the warm nest down away from the tree,
And the little ones cried, but they could not get free,
When at last they all died away, one, two, and three.

But when back again the poor mother did fly,
O then she set up a most pitiful cry,
And she mourn'd a long while and then lay down to die.

THE CRANES.

Mark how when threat'ning clouds appear,
And wintry storms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer stay,
But take the wing and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er lands and seas to warmer climes repair.

THE ROBIN.

Little bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed;
Courtly domes of high degree,
Have no charms for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng,
Nothing prize an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I take my scanty meal;
Doubt not little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded if I spy,
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill,
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane;
Come, with me a welcome guest,
In my cottage safely rest,
Cheer me with thy twittering song,
Through bleak winter, dark and long.

LESSON XVI.

DINNER.

HARK! the bell rings for dinner! Let us go into the dining room, and there we shall find dear mamma waiting for us, and good, plain, wholesome food upon the table; cleanlily prepared, and well dressed. That is all which moderate people, who can properly command their appetites, *would wish* for with respect to their eating.—

While you have been walking with me, and getting knowledge, and reading your lessons, your kind and good mother has been taking care that every thing about the house should be in proper order; the rooms swept and aired; the furniture dusted and rubbed. Chairs and tables, and beds and curtains, and other household conveniences, if they are neatly kept, will last much longer than if neglected. It is of great consequence to health, that no dirt be suffered to remain in a house, and that the chambers be well ventilated, that is, have plenty of fresh air. Your mamma makes the servants do all this, for it is their duty to do it. But she does not scold, and speak proudly and harshly to them, but behaves towards them with gentleness and kindness, so that they love her and are always ready and willing to do what she requires; for they know that though she will have every thing done, which is necessary and proper, yet she never requires any unreasonable task to be performed. Mamma not only regulates all these things, but also the meals of the family for every day; seeing that there be not too great a consumption of victuals, and that nothing be wasted, and that what remains be given to poor Jenny, the washerwoman and her children. This is what is called economy, and by this, and by taking care that we do not live luxuriously, that is, have too much and too rich food, and too fine and expensive clothes, we live within our income; we do not spend so much in each year as I gain by my business, and have by other ways. It is the duty of all people to live within their incomes.

Mary, go and sit by your mother. Tell her where you and William have been, and what you have seen; how pleasantly and how profitably you have spent the forenoon of the day.

Hush! stand up, while I beg the blessing of God upon what his bounty has provided for us. I told you before that we may put animals to death for our food; but it is our duty to feed and guard those which we take from their wild state and keep for our use; to treat them kindly, and to inflict upon them as little pain as possible when the time comes for them to die. Oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, poultry, are domestic animals.

They are tamed and brought up in our fields and yards, and near our houses, and are protected by us from danger, and are provided with abundance of food. There are some other animals I have not yet mentioned, that live with man, and are very useful to him, and upon whose flesh he does not feed. What are they? Oh! horses, dogs, and cats! yes you are right. And rats and mice run about our houses; but they are not tame. They are uninvited and unwelcome guests. They do mischief, and therefore we endeavour to get rid of them.

The oxen, cows, sheep, and pigs, certainly lead happier lives under the care and protection of mankind, than if they were at large in uncultivated countries, covered with thick woods, and rough with brambles, and full of bogs and morasses. There they would be continually liable to be torn to pieces by fierce savage beasts, *or to perish* with hunger, which might drive them

to prey upon one another. The poultry, too, if they were all wild flying about in deserts, would run the same risks. Whereas, now, a greater number of them are produced; and, consequently, that increases the general quantity of life and enjoyment. Now, they are comfortably situated, and abundantly nourished, and are safe from the attacks of stronger and more active animals; they live much more easily, and, probably, much longer than they would do in a state of nature. They do not anticipate death, and therefore have no fear of it; and their death, in general, takes place, without great suffering; but if they died of hunger, of disease, or of old age, they would most likely suffer a great deal more pain. That certain animals should constitute one part of the food of man is a merciful dispensation of Providence, even with respect to the animals themselves.

Now let us begin our dinner! Mamma has helped you to some of that boiled leg of mutton. You have learnt to like all kinds of meat, which are usually put upon table; to eat it much, or little dressed, and fat and lean together. It is a very foolish thing for children to fancy that they can't eat of one dish, or another dish; that they can't touch the meat, if it be, as seems to them, under, or over, done; and if they get that habit, it would be very troublesome to themselves and their friends, when they grow up into men and women. Will you have a carrot or turnip, or potatoe, or some of each. It is very wholesome to eat plenty of vegetables with the animal food you take. The potatoe is naturally

an American root, and was brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a very sensible and learned man, and an illustrious captain by land and sea. He flourished in the reign of our great Queen Elizabeth, and was most unjustly beheaded in the reign of her successor, James I. Take a little salt; but not too much. Salt is a very agreeable seasoning to our meat, and is now become so habitual, that meat is not pleasant without it. Salt has the property of preserving flesh from putrefying for a long time. It is therefore used to cure pork and make it into bacon, or hams; and it is rubbed into beef when we want to keep it for boiling. Salt is procured from sea water; by evaporating it in wide and long, but shallow, pans. When the water is driven off in the form of steam, by heat, the salt remains behind, and is purified for use. In dry sandy countries it is sometimes found on the surface of the ground. One kind of it, called rock salt, is found deep in the earth, hard and solid like stone. In Poland, near Cracow, there is a mine of rock salt, very curious and astonishing. It runs a great way under ground, and branches into a number of galleries like streets; in which are huts for the workmen, and stables for the horses employed in the works: so that it is a kind of subterraneous town. The roofs of the galleries are arched, and supported by huge pillars of different shapes, left by the labourers for that purpose, when digging out the great blocks of the rock salt. These arches and columns, reflecting the light of the lamps and torches used in the mine, afford a glittering and

splendid spectacle.. Pepper, the use of a little of which is not unwholesome, is prepared from the pods and seeds of a plant which grows in hot climates. The pretty white cloth which covers our table is made of linen, and you know what that is. The linen, when spun and woven from the fibres of the flax plant, is of a brownish colour. It is whitened by being exposed for a long time to the external air, upon the grass in fields adapted to the purpose, or by the action of a chemical mixture. This process is called bleaching. Our spoons are made of silver, which is a metal next in value to gold. It is very ductile, that is, capable of being extended and drawn out into wire without breaking; and as it does not rust like iron it is very useful. Rust is what you see sometimes upon iron or steel, like a reddish powder. It is occasioned by water or air depositing upon the metal one of its constituent parts called oxigen. But you will learn all about that, and a great many more curious things, and see a number of surprising and entertaining experiments, when you are old enough to attend to a science called chemistry. Silver is found in many countries, but the greatest abundance of it is in Peru, and other parts of America, especially in the mines of Potosi. Our plates and dishes are made of clay prepared and baked like the tea cups and saucers. Formerly they were chiefly made of pewter, which is a composition of brass, lead, and tin, and retains heat longer than the earthenware. The blades of our knives, and the prongs of our forks, are of steel, which is made from iron violently heated

together with charcoal, and then plunged into very cold water. This hardens and renders it fit for the making of cutting instruments of every kind. The handles of the knives and forks, as I told you in our morning walk, are made of the horns of animals. Every thing, even eating and drinking, should be done with order and decorum, that we may not be disagreeable to those in whose company we may be.

Handle your knife and fork properly, thus; not letting your finger come down too low upon them, so as to touch the meat you cut and take up with them. In bringing them to your mouth, turn your hands and elbows inwards, and not outwards, which is a very awkward movement that elevates the shoulders. Will you like to have a little of this roast fowl? No! Well, I think you are quite right. It is certainly better for children of your age to eat only of one kind of flesh, and of that moderately. To partake of a variety of dishes injures even grown up persons, by overloading the stomach, and by forming a bad habit of being nice and capricious about what they shall eat, and what they shall drink. Besides, I think that your dear mamma promised us a rice pudding, and here it comes. You love rice pudding with currants in it; and, indeed, it is very nice. Rice is a plant which grows generally in wet and swampy situations, and always in warm climates. There is one sort of rice that flourishes in dry places, on the sides of hills, but that is not so large and so good as the other. In India, the people subsist principally upon rice. The rice from Carolina in

America is estemeed to be the best rice we have. What do you think the currants are? They are not such as grow upon the bushes in our garden. They are a kind of wild grapes dried. They are brought to us from Cephalonia and Zante, two small islands in the Mediterranean sea, upon the coast of Turkey in Europe. Well, I believe you have eaten enough. We will return God thanks for our good dinner, and then go into the parlour, and sit still a little while, because our food digests more quickly while we are at rest. I will tell you what digestion is. When we have chewed our meat, it passes down the throat through a tube or pipe into a sort of pocket called the stomach. There it is moistened by a kind of liquor called the gastric juice, which dissolves and changes it into a whitish pulp, and so prepares it to be taken up by pretty little vessels called lacteals, and to become flesh and blood. We give you no beer or wine, because we think that those liquors, which are artificial, that is, composed of different materials, and which have undergone a process called fermentation, that gives them the power of disturbing the stomach and the head, when taken in any large quantity are not good for you. You see that mamma and I drink very little of them ourselves; mamma, indeed, scarcely ever. When people grow old, they may want a small quantity of such liquors; but if the habit of drinking be formed early in life they will not have a beneficial effect in advanced age. I have some business to do in my study for an hour; mamma will

be so kind as to hear you read a pretty story called the Great Garden, while I am engaged.

LESSON XVII.

THE GREAT GARDEN.

Mr. Wise had inherited only a very moderate fortune; but he knew how to adapt his taste and desires to that fortune; and though he saw himself devoid of many of those comforts and luxuries enjoyed by others in abundance, yet never did an emotion of envy rise in his bosom to disturb the evenness of his temper nor his peace of mind. The only regret he felt was that which was occasioned by the loss of a dearly beloved wife. He had one son, his only consolation, and whose happiness became the great end of all his care and attention.

Satisfied with his situation in life, this affectionate father wished, above all other things, to instil into the mind of his boy those principles to which he owed the calm and serenity of his own heart.

He well knew that if he could bring him to be contented with what he had, and not to affix too great a value upon that which he had not, he should thereby contribute more to his child's felicity than by leaving him a large estate. Unceasingly occupied with this design, he one day took his son with him to see, for the first time, a very fine garden, which was open to the

public. Philip, for so the lad was named, was impressed with sentiments of admiration and astonishment. The beauty and fragrance of the flowers, the profusion of fine statues, the striking breadth of the gravel walks, the multitude of elegantly dressed men and women walking together, the confused movements of that eager crowd, the murmur of their conversation, the dashing of fountains and cascades, all these things overpowered the boy's mind, and plunged him into a deep reverie. His father, seeing him thus absorbed, led him to a solitary bower, that he might recover himself a little from his surprise and emotion. He proposed to him to take some refreshment, and offered him a cake which he had in his pocket. Philip gladly accepted it, and when he had satisfied his appetite, "Papa," said he, "how delightful it is to be here! Oh, if we had such a beautiful garden! Did you see the number of carriages at the gate, and all those people who are walking there so handsomely dressed? I should like to know why we are forced to live so sparingly, when others have all they could wish for. Now I begin to feel that we are poor. But why are other folks rich? I am sure we two are as good as they are." "You are talking foolishly," replied his father. "I, for my part, am very rich."

Philip. Where are your riches, then?

Mr. Wise. I have a garden much larger than this.

Philip. You, papa! Oh, how I should like to see it!

Mr. Wise. Come along with me, and I will show it to you.

Mr. Wise took his son by the hand, and led him away into the country. They ascended a hill, from the summit of which they saw an admirable landscape. On the right presented itself to view a vast forest, the extremities of which were lost in the horizon. On the left the prospect was varied with an agreeable intermixture of smiling gardens, green meadows, and fields covered with golden harvests. At the foot of the hill was a winding valley, watered through its whole length by a thousand rivulets. The whole scene was animated; in its immense extent were to be discerned fishermen casting their nets, hunters pursuing the flying deer, gardeners filling their baskets with herbs and fruits, shepherds driving their flocks to the sound of their pipes, reapers loading their waggons with sheaves of corn, and dancing round the oxen which were drawing them. This enchanting picture held for a long time, in mute ecstasy, both the father and the son. At last the latter breaking silence, said to his father—Papa, shall we soon come to our garden?

Mr. Wise. We are there already, my dear boy.

Philip. But this is is not a garden, it is a hill.

Mr. Wise. Look around you as far as you can see; that is my garden. That forest, those fields, those meadows, all belong to me.

Philip. To you, papa! Oh, now you are laughing at me.

Mr. Wise. Indeed I am not joking. I will soon convince you that I can dispose of it as its master.

Philip. I should be very glad indeed if I could be sure of that.

Mr. Wise. Supposing that all this land belonged to you, what would you do with it?

Philip. Why, what all people do with their own, to be sure.

Mr. Wise. Well, but what would you do with it, in earnest?

Philip. Well, then, now I will tell you. I would make them cut down the trees in that forest to warm me in the winter which is coming; I would go hunting the deer; I would amuse myself with fishing; I would graze herds of oxen and flocks of sheep in those meadows; and I would reap the rich crops of corn that cover those fields.

Mr. Wise. That is a very extensive plan of yours; and I am pleased to find that our ideas agree; I already do all which you wish to do.

Philip. How so, papa?

Mr. Wise. First of all, I send to have cut all the wood I please in that forest.

Philip. I have never seen you give orders for doing any such thing.

Mr. Wise. That is because there are persons who have foresight enough to do it without my order. You know that there is fire all the year round in our kitchen, and in our rooms all the winter; well, it is from wood that I get those fires.

Philip. Ah, but then you must pay for it.

Mr. Wise. And if I were what you would call

the real owner of that forest; should I not be obliged to pay for it just the same?

Philip. No, you would not; it would be brought to you without your having any thing to pay.

Mr. Wise. Do you think so? I think on the contrary, that it would come dearer to me; for in that case should I not have to pay the keepers of the forest, and masons to keep the walls in repair, and wood cutters to fell the trees?

Philip. Well, let that be as you say, you could not go thither to hunt.

Mr. Wise. And why would you wish me to go and hunt in that forest?

Philip. To have plenty of game, to be sure.

Mr. Wise. Could we two eat up a whole deer?

Philip. We must have a good appetite to do that.

Mr. Wise. Not being able to go to the chase myself, I send hunters to do it for me. I appoint them to meet me at market, whither they bring me all the game I want.

Philip. Yes, for your money.

Mr. Wise. Agreed; but still I have the best of the bargain; I have no wages to pay them; I have no need to furnish them with guns, and powder and shot; all those ferrets, those terriers, and hounds, God be praised, it is not my victuals they devour.

Philip. Are those cows and sheep, feeding down there in the meadows, yours also?

Mr. Wise. Yes, they are. Don't you eat butter and cheese every day? It is they who provide those articles for us.

Philip. But, papa, if all those flocks, and all those rivulets are yours, why have not we at our table those great dishes of fish, flesh, game, and fowl, which rich people have?

Mr. Wise. And do those rich people consume all that is put upon their tables?

Philip. No; but they can make their choice of the different dishes on the table.

Mr. Wise. And I make my choice before they are brought to table; I have every thing that is really necessary; superfluities, indeed, I have not; but what should I do with them if I had them? I must have also an additional stomach.

Philip. No matter, rich people make good cheer, and you cannot.

Mr. Wise. I make better cheer; I have a sauce which is almost always wanting in great feasts, and that is a good appetite.

Philip. But the rich have money to purchase whatsoever they desire, and to satisfy all their whims. Can you do so, papa?

Mr. Wise. Yet I am better off than they, for I have no whims at all.

Philip. Yet there is some pleasure certainly in gratifying whims.

Mr. Wise. But there is much more pleasure in being contented; and I am contented.

LESSON XVIII.

THE GREAT GARDEN—*continued.*

Philip. Does not God, papa, love rich people more than he does you, since he has given them great treasures of gold and silver?

Mr. Wise. Philip, do you remember that bottle of Muscadel wine, which we had the other day when your uncle dined with us?

Philip. Yes, papa, you were so kind as to give me a small glass of it.

Mr. Wise. You came to ask me for another glass; I could have given you more, for there was enough remaining in the bottle. Why did I not give you more?

Philip. Because you were afraid that it would make me ill.

Mr. Wise. Yes, I remember that I told you so then. Do you think I was in the right.

Philip. My dear papa, I know that you love me, and that you only wish my welfare; so I am sure that you would not have refused me that wine if you had thought that it would give me pleasure without injuring me.

Mr. Wise. And do you imagine that the good God has less regard for you than I myself have?

Philip. No, papa, I do not think so, since you have told me so many wonders of his goodness.

Mr. Wise. On the other hand, do you believe that it would be difficult for him to give you great riches?

Philip. Oh no! Not more difficult than for me to give any one a handful of sand.

Mr. Wise. Well, then, if God, being able to give you great riches, and willing your happiness at the same time, do not bestow them upon you, what ought you to think of his refusal?

Philip. That the riches which I ask of him might be prejudicial to me.

Mr. Wise. Is that quite clear to you?

Philip. Yes, papa, I think so; but—

Mr. Wise. Why do you shake your head? you have certainly some objection in your mind.

Philip. Why, I can't help thinking, in spite of all your reasoning, that this fine country is not yours.

Mr. Wise. And what makes you think so?

Philip. Because you cannot do with it as you please.

Mr. Wise. Do you know Mr. Richards?

Philip. Do I know him? Yes, yes, I know him well enough; it is he who has such beautiful gardens.

Mr. Wise. And can he enjoy them just as he pleases?

Philip. He, poor man! He can do no such thing; he does not dare venture to eat a single grape.

Mr. Wise. Yet he has fine vines in his garden?

Philip. Yes truly; but that can only make his mouth water and teaze him.

Mr. Wise. You see then that a person may possess good things, and yet not be able to use them just as he pleases; I cannot do just as I please with my garden here, because I cannot afford it; and Mr. Richards cannot make what use he pleases of his, because his health forbids. I am still the happier of the two.

Mr. Wise taking his son by the hand, came down the hill with him. They passed near a meadow, which they had taken for a fish pond, when they were on the height, because it was covered with water. Mr. Wise exclaimed, do you see that meadow which is a now a mere marsh? The neighbouring river must have overflowed at haymaking time; all the hay harvest is lost for this year.

Philip. The owner of the meadow will be very sorry, I believe, when he sees all his hay spoiled.

Mr. Wise. The loss of the hay is not the only calamity. The dikes of the river must be repaired, and perhaps a new sluice must be made. He will be well off, if this mischief do not cost him the value of the produce of his meadow for ten years. I thought there was a mill somewhere here about.

Philip. So there is, papa, look, there it is!

Mr Wise. You are right; I see it now. It was because I did not hear its clack going. I dare say that the inundation has carried away the wheel works. Let us see! Yes, indeed, it is so, it is all in ruins. What will become of the unfortunate proprietor? He must be very rich, if he can stand against so many losses.

Philip. I pity him with all my heart. But, papa, the time for work is over; why do the masons stay at their work still?

Mr. Wise. I don't know. Let us ask one of them. Why are you at work so late, my friend?

The Mason. Sir, we shall pass the whole night here. Yesterday, after dark, some robbers threw down this part of the wall, got that way

into the park, and stole the furniture of a pleasure house which has been lately built here. It was not found out till to-day; and it is very lucky that they were not caught in the fact; for if they had, it seems, from some matches and other combustibles which they had scattered about, that they intended to have set fire to the forest, and to escape under the favour of the confusion which such conflagration would have occasioned. So you see that the owner of the estate is still fortunate in not having his forest destroyed, in addition to the expence of repairing the dike, the mill, and the wall, and the loss of the furnituse of his pleasure-house, which, indeed, was very valuable.

Well, my son, said Mr. Wise, after a little pause, what do you think of all these misfortunes? Do they cause you much trouble?

Philip. I am sorry for the person to whom they have happened. But why should I fret myself about them? I do not suffer from them.

Mr. Wise. But if this land belonged to you, as the gardens of Mr. Richards do to him, and if, in walking out to-day, you had seen your meadows flooded, your mill carried away, your park partly demolished, and your pleasure house pillaged, I think you would not have been going home as tranquilly as you are now.

Philip. No, indeed! On the contrary, I should have been very much afflicted to have met with such losses, all in one day.

Mr. Wise. And if you had such troubles to fear for every day, would you then be happier than you are at present?

Philip. I should be a thousand times more unhappy.

Mr. Wise. Well, then, my friend; such is the condition of all those who possess great wealth. Without speaking of the cares which agitate them, of the numberless wants which harass them, the splendour of their fortune is frequently the origin of their fall. A single unproductive year, a single mistake in their covetous and grasping projects, may bring with it the overthrow of their fortune.

As they would fear losing their imaginary consideration, if they made any sacrifice to their change of circumstances, the more striking their misfortunes are, the more pride and external show they exhibit, with the vain hope of maintaining the opinion of their opulence, and of keeping up a delusive credit. And what is the effect of this absurd vanity? Their servants, defrauded of their wages, introduce a ruinous system of robbery into their houses.

The improvement of their property being neglected as well as the education of their families, their uncultivated lands produce bad harvests; their children, abandoned to evil habits, commit dishonourable actions, the concealment of which, they are obliged to purchase with money. All their vast possessions, seized by their creditors, are dispersed and scattered. The gulf of the law swallows up the poor remainder. And these favourites of fortune, who were so proud of their treasures, and so habituated to luxuries, fall suddenly into indigence, disgrace, and *despair.*

Philip. Oh, papa, what a frightful picture you have held up to me!

Mr. Wise. Yet it is a picture which is frequently presented to view in society, and it is by no means exaggerated. I could show you, every day, in the newspapers, accounts of the fall of some great house or family. These are impressive lessons, awakening warnings, which Providence gives the rich; of the fate which threatens their folly and their pride.

Philip. And ought I, then, to regard the mediocrity of our fortune as a blessing from heaven?

Mr. Wise. Yes, my son, if you are frugal and industrious, if you have fortitude enough to overcome ambition and covetousness; to restrain your desires and hopes within the limits of that station, which you are destined to fill. Observe whether any thing be wanting to my happiness. Would you be more happy than your father? Regard all nature as your domain, since, at the expence of your labour, it furnishes you with a comfortable subsistence, and the conveniences of life. God has placed your terrestrial abode upon the gentle side of a mountain, the summit of which is steep and slippery, and from whose base extend unhealthy morasses, uninterrupted by dangerous precipices. Raise your eyes, sometimes, to the rich and great, not to envy or admire the height of their station, but to mark the stormy winds which roar around them. Cast your eyes downwards to the poor who are beneath you, not to despise or insult their poverty, but to stretch out to them your helping

hand. If God should ever bless you with children, repeat to them the lesson which you have now received from me; and give them the example of contentment which I set you.

At these words, the father and son found themselves arrived at the door of their humble, but peaceful habitation.

Mr. Wise retired to his own chamber, and throwing himself on his knees, offered up thanksgiving to the Author of all good, the source of all enjoyments; and renewed the dedication of his life to him.

What more remained for him to do on earth? His days had flowed evenly on, full of justice and honour; and in inspiring his son with moderation, he had just transferred to him a rich inheritance.—*Translated from L'Ami des Enfans.*

LESSON XIX.

THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight;
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face:
Thy gracious influence impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy quality of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find.

Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by thy shield, defy.
The shafts of care which round them fly;
Nor, meddling with the world's affairs,
Concern themselves with future cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possest.
May heaven (it's all I wish for) send,
One genial room to treat a friend;
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
On some well chosen spot of land.
A pond before, full to the brim,
Where cows may cool and geese may swim.
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where odorous plants in evening fair,
Breathe all around sweet fragrant air.
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope, with bushes crown'd;
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rent with a song:
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which, sense and fancy too, regale.
Where woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick clumps of widely spreading trees,
From hills through plains in dark array,
Extended far, repel the day.
Here, stillness, height, and solemn shade,
Invite, and contemplation aid.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green.

Fresh pastures speckl'd o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep.
Thus shelter'd, free from toil and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea;
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind so much as to themselves:
With such mean souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy.
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, canker of the heart;
Who, wealth hard earn'd by guilty cares
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with heart still free from guile,
And wearing virtue's livery, smile!
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive.
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing into age;
When death extends his gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to blossom soon again.

Green.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

O, thou, the nymph with placid eye,
O seldom found, yet ever nigh,
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy peaceful soul,
And smooth unaltered brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
  To bless my longing sight.
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
  And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
  To find thy hermit cell,
Where, in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
  The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
  And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
  A vista to the sky.

There, Health, through whose calm bosom glide,
The temperate joys in even tide,
  That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience, there, her sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
  To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,
A tyrant master's wanton rage,
  With settled smiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and better bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
  And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retir'd and coy,
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
  To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground
Moss rose and violet blossom round,
  And lily of the vale.

O, say, what soft, propitious hour,
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
  And court thy gentle sway;
When autumn, friendly to the muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
  And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
  And every storm is laid;
If such an hour were e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
  Low whispering through the shade.

Mrs. Barbauld.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING ABLE TO DERIVE PLEASURE EVEN FROM WHAT IS NOT ACTUALLY POSSESSED.

What, though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life, though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large, whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,

The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful mind enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from its wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling grove
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreprov'd.

Akenside.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public strife,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What, though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, sees pass through the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd.
Vile intercourse. What, though the glittering robe,
Of every hue, reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold.

The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not:
What, though from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him, each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death! What, though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state!
What, though he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain:
Their hollow moments, undelighted all;
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and flowers; whatever greens the spring
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
When summer reddens and when autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale:
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove or song;
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear,
Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence,
Unsullied beauty, sound unbroken youth
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,

Calm contemplation and poetic ease.
Even winter wild, to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night, the skies
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom.

Akenside.

CONTENTMENT.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within ourselves this jewel lies,
  And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own hearts our joys must flow,
  Our bliss begins at home.

Let us, then, relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
  Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
And if our store of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
  Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
  And pleas'd with favours given
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
  Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

Thus crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
  With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
  And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
  And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
  And smooth the bed of death.

Cotton.

TRANQUILLITY AND CONTENTMENT.

Happy the man, and he alone,
  To whom the easy lot is given,
Cheerful to wait, and thankful own,
  The gracious hand of bounteous heav'n.

Then solitude, or social joy,
  Can please, yet not absorb his heart;
Nor sorrow pain, nor care annoy,
  His nobler, his immortal part.

His wish, his hope, his soul aspires
  To a fair paradise above;
Yet patient waits, till heav'n requires
  From worldly toil his blest remove.

Thus may our hopes and wishes rise,
  Be our's serenity like this;

Till death's soft sleep shall close our eyes,
Then wake to light, and life, and bliss.

THE PROPER FOUNDATION OF CONTENTMENT.

God reigns—events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide;
But oft in various channels go,
To humble human pride.

Evil and good before him stand,
His mission to perform,
The blessing comes at his command,
At his command the storm.

O Lord! in all my ways I'll own
Thy providential power,
Intrusting to thy care alone,
The events of every hour.

Scott.

LESSON XX.

THE TWO APPLE TREES, OR INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

A WEALTHY farmer had two sons, one of whom was just a year older than the other. On the birth-day of the younger he had planted, just at the entrance of his orchard, two apple trees of equal age and size, which, from that time, he had cultivated with the same care, and which

had profited by the care bestowed upon them so equally, that it was impossible to give the preference to either of them. When the children were old and strong enough to be able to handle garden tools, he placed them, one fine spring day, before the two trees which he had planted for them, and which he had named after them, Richard and Edward. When he had made them observe and admire their handsome trunks, and the profusion of blossoms with which they were covered, he said, "You see, my sons, that I deliver these trees to you in good condition; they may gain as much by your attention as they may lose by your negligence. They will bear fruit in proportion to your labour and diligence."

The youngest, Edward, was unceasing and indefatigable in his attention to his tree. He was busied almost all day long in picking from it the caterpillars which were preying upon its leaves and blossoms. He propped up its stem with a pole that it might not grow crooked. He dug up the earth all around it, that the warmth of the sun and the humid dew might more easily penetrate to its roots. His mother had not been more careful of him in his tenderest infancy than he was of his young apple tree.

His brother Richard took a quite contrary course. He passed the whole day in clambering up a neighbouring hill, whence he threw stones at those who happened to pass near. He was always quarrelling and fighting with the little country boys who lived nigh enough to his father's house for him to get at them. His legs

were continually bruised and cut, and his face full of bumps and scratches, which he received in his squabbles.

In short, he so completely neglected his apple tree, that he never thought about it, till in autumn he saw Edward's tree so loaded with apples, striped with red and green, that, but for the props which supported its branches, the weight of the fruit would have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of this fine crop of fruit, he immediately ran to his own tree, with the hope of seeing *that* as well and as pleasantly loaded. But how great was his surprise to find nothing but branches covered with moss and a few yellowish leaves. Fired with jealousy and vexation, he ran to find his father, and as soon as he saw him he cried out, "What a good for nothing tree you have given me, father! It is as dry as a broom, and I sha'nt get a dozen apples from it this year. But as for my brother! Oh, you have treated him much better! You ought, at least, to make him share his apples with me." "Share his apples with you!" replied the father. "That would be injustice, and shameful injustice, indeed. What, let the diligent lose part of the recompense of his industry to reward the idle! You must bear your disappointment as you can, and suppress your envy, for it is the natural punishment of your negligence. So, you have no right to accuse me of partiality, when you see the abundant crop of apples on your brother's tree, and the barrenness of your own. You have to thank only yourself for this trouble. I warned you of what would

happen. When I first gave you and Edward those trees, I said, that their bearing or not bearing fruit would be in proportion to the carefulness or negligence with which they might be treated. Your tree was as vigorous and of as good a sort as his. It came out of the same soil, and had as much blossom upon it as his, but it has not received the same culture. Edward freed his tree from devouring insects, while you permitted them to eat up the blossoms of yours. As I do not choose to suffer any thing which God has given me to be lost, since I must render him an account of all his gifts, I shall take back your tree, which you have so shamefully neglected, and it shall have your name no longer. It must be put into the hands of your brother to be recovered; and from this moment it belongs to him, as well as the fruit which he may get from it. You may go and look for another in my nursery ground, and cultivate it, if you will, to repair your fault; but if you do not take care of that, it shall go to your brother likewise, since he seconds me in my labours."

Richard felt the justness of what his father said, and the wisdom of his advice. He ran immediately to the nursery ground, and there chose out the most vigorous plant he could find. He planted it himself. His brother Edward aided him with his good counsels concerning the best mode of cultivating it. Richard no longer lost any of his time in quarrelling with his companions, and still less in quarrelling with himself; for he always went to his work with a *cheerful heart*. He followed the good example

of his brother, and persevered in his care and attention to his young tree. The following autumn he saw that tree fully answer his expectations and wishes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with an abundant crop of apples, and of correcting the mischievous habits which he had contracted.

Translated from L'Ami des Enfans.

LESSON XXI.

TO SPRING.

WELCOME, sweet season of delight,
What beauties charm the wondering sight,
  In thy delightful reign!
How fresh descends the morning dew,
While opening flowers of various hue
  Bedeck the lively plain,

The artless warblers of the grove,
Again unite in songs of love,
  To bless thy kind return;
But, first the lark, who, soaring, seems
To hail the glorious sun, whose beams
  With fresher splendour burn.

The mind with thoughts of good possest,
With innocence and virtue blest,
  Untaught in folly's ways;
May taste those joys by nature given,
May lift the raptur'd eye to heaven
  And their great Author praise.

Stern Winter's gloomy season past,
We see fair Spring advancing fast,
  With Summer in the rear;
Soon Autumn's shades will interpose,
And a succeeding Winter close
  The swift revolving year.

Of human life an emblem true;
The early morn of youth we view
  In Spring's enchanting face;
Meridian life's a Summer's day;
With Autumn fades; its quick decay
  In Winter's blast we trace.

Then let us prize each fleeting hour,
Improve the moments in our power,
  Ere time shall cease to be;
Then shall our spirits, taking wing,
Be crown'd with an immortal spring,
  From wintry storms set free.

Bently.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

Waft me, O soft, refreshing breeze,
  To some cool, shady, kind retreat,
Where forest scenes, and spreading trees,
  Repel the Summer's fervent heat.

Where tufted grass and mossy beds
  Afford a rural, calm, repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
  And fragrant sweets, around, disclose,

The lucid stream which flows fast by,
  Along the smiling valley plays;
Its glassy surface cheers the eye,
  And through the flowery meadow strays.

Its fertile banks, with herbage green,
  Its vales with golden plenty swell;
Where'er its purer streams are seen,
  The powers of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
  With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
  And cut thy gently rolling tide.

Croxhall.

AN AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

In fading grandeur, lo! the trees
  Their yellow honours shed;
While every rude and sweeping breeze
  Strips their once leafy head.

Ere long, the genial breath of spring
  Shall all their charms renew;
And flowers, and fruit, and foliage bring,
  To charm th' enraptur'd view.

Not such is man's appointed fate,
  One spring alone he knows;
One summer, one autumnal state,
  One winter's dead repose.

Yet, not the dreary sleep of death,
  Shall all his powers destroy;
But man shall draw immortal breath,
  In height of pain or joy.

Important thought! Ye mortals hear!
  On what your peace depends;
The voice of truth invites your ear,
  And this the voice she sends.

"When virtue glows with youthful charms,
  "How bright the vernal skies!
"When virtue, like the summer, warms,
  "What precious harvests rise!

"When vices spring without control,
  "What bitter fruits appear!
"A wintry darkness glooms the soul,
  "And horrors cloud the year.

"Let youths to virtue's shrine repair,
  "And men their tribute bring;
"Old age shall drop its load of care,
  "And death shall lose its sting.

"Borne up by virtue's radiant wing,
  "Their happy souls shall soar;
"And then enjoy immortal spring,
  "Nor fear a winter more."

WINTER.

Bleak o'er the plains the piercing winds now blow,
  Of purest white the fleecy shower descends:
The ice-bound river, now, forgets to flow,
  And all its horrors dreary winter lends.

Now, ye, who fortune's various gifts enjoy,
  Who bask in sunshine of her warmest rays;
Ye, whom nor tempest, cold, nor want annoy,
  Whose days glide on in affluence and ease.

Let not your hearts, by gaiety misled,
  Be rendered callous to the tale of woe;
But clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,
  Forbid the tear of wretchedness to flow.

For, know your fortune is the gift of heaven,
  But not by heaven for you, alone, design'd;
In trust for generous purposes 'twas given,
  And proves a blessing to the generous mind.

BIRDS OUR INSTRUCTORS.

When morning comes, the birds arise,
And tune their voices to the skies:
With warbling notes and hallow'd lays,
They shew the great Creator's praise.

Shall we, then, from our chambers go,
Or any work presume to do;
Before we have sought the God of heaven,
And our just morning tribute given?

O let us, then, arise and pray,
And praise our Maker day by day;
Bless him for raiment, health and food,
And for each peaceful night's abode.

Let every bird's harmonious song,
Reproach us as we walk along;
Thoughtless of him, whose guardian power,
Upholds, and keeps us every hour.

A MORNING HYMN.

To God, let my first offerings rise,
  Whose sun creates the day;
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
  And spotless as his ray.

What numbers, with heart-rending sighs,
  Have pass'd the tedious night!
What numbers, too, have clos'd their eyes,
  No more to see this light!

Sound was my sleep, my dreams were gay;
  How short such time review'd!
My night stole unperceiv'd away;
  I'm, like the day, renew'd.

This day, God's favouring hand be nigh,
  So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply;
  And I that hand adore.

If bliss thy providence impart,
  For which, resign'd, I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
  And without guilt be gay.

Affliction, should thy love intend,
  As vice or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that blessed end,
  May I the means endure!

If bright, or cloudy scenes await;
  Some virtue let me gain!
That heaven, nor high nor low estate,
  When sent, may send in vain.

Be this and every future day
  Still wiser than the past;
That, from the whole of life's survey,
  I may find peace at last.

LIVING TO GOD ALL DAY.

Thrice happy they who, born from heaven,
  While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin,
  And spend it in his fear.

Midst hourly cares, may I present
  My offerings at His throne;
And while the world my hands employs,
  My heart be His alone.

As sanctified to noblest ends
  Be each refreshment sought,
And by each various providence
  Some wise instruction taught.

When to laborious duties call'd,
  Or by temptations tried;
I'll seek the shelter of God's wing,
  And in His strength confide.

As different scenes of life arise,
  My grateful heart would be
With Thee, O God, in social hours,
  In solitude, with Thee.

In solid, pure delights like these
  Let all my days be past:
Nor shall I then, impatient, wish,
  Nor shall I fear, the last.

Doddridge.

LESSON XXII.

WELL, my dear Wiliam and Mary, as I have finished my writing, I can now attend again to you. Suppose we take a short stroll in the fine garden of our neighbour, Mr. Good. You will like it! So shall I, very much. I have a key to the door, so we can let ourselves in, without troubling any one. William, shut the door after us. Garden doors should always be kept shut, that pigs and fowls may not get in, and do mischief among the shrubs and flowers. What a beautiful sight! Observe in what excellent order the walks, and the flower-beds are. You cannot see a single weed; nor any loose stones, nor fallen leaves scattered. Neatness and regularity adorn a garden greatly. Let us walk through the shrubbery, and then we shall come into the centre of the garden, where the flowers are, and where stand the greenhouse and hothouse.

The trees whose branches hang in disorder towards the ground, and whose leaves are of so dark a green, are yew trees. Of their wood the English archers used to make their formidable long bows; and, therefore, it was formerly the custom to have two or three of them in every parish church-yard, that the yeomen might know whither to repair for that material of the weapon which gave them the superiority over their enemies. Farther on, are the firs, which surround the shrubbery like a belt. They *are of various* kinds. You see they differ in the

form and colour of their leaves, and in their general figure; but most of them grow tapering towards their summits, somewhat in the form of a pyramid. Some have leaves of a dark green colour, almost black; others of a lighter green; others of a bluish or sea green. Many of them are very hardy plants, growing on the tops of mountains, in Sweden, Norway, Scotland, and many cold countries. They yield tar and turpentine, and their timber is very useful.

That tall tree standing so straight and stately, and having large, broad, scalloped leaves is the palm-tree, and near to it, of inferior size but with leaves somewhat similar, is the sycamore, the wood of which is used for wooden dishes and various other purposes. That shrub which bears such beautiful flowers, white, with deep reddish purple colour in the middle, is the gum cistus; those flowers last only for one day, they fall in the evening, and fresh ones are produced in the morning. There is the laurel with its long oval leaves; see how delicate is their green colour, and how finely varnished and shining they are; wreaths of laurel were worn by triumphing leaders and other illustrious men, and the tree was dedicated to Apollo, the heathen god of science. In that sheltered cavity of the ground is the arbutus, or strawberry tree, the leaves and fruit of which are very pretty; and that tree which grows near it in the same hollow is the cedar; the cedar of Lebanon is a tree that rises to a prodigious height, and its trunk is proportionably large; its branches fall towards the ground, and form a thick and extensive shade;

the wood is of a reddish colour and odoriferous; a gum, or resin, exudes from it during the heat of summer, which the Egyptians used in embalming, that is, preparing dead bodies in such a manner as to be preserved from corruption; some of the cedars of Mount Lebanon were a hundred and thirty feet high, and thick in proportion; there are very few now remaining on Mount Lebanon, but they are supposed to be some of the most ancient trees in the world. A little farther on you see the holly, with bright prickly leaves, and the tall mountain ash, which bears berries that acquire a lively scarlet colour. The fir, the holly, the cedar, and some other trees, are evergreens, they do not lose their leaves in winter like other trees. That wide spreading tree is the horse or wild chesnut, its beautiful blossoms of white and pink colour hang down in long spikes, and in the time of its flowering this tree exhibits a majestic appearance. That elegantly formed shrub not far from it, is the laburnum, whose flowers of a lively yellow are suspended in tresses and garlands. Close to that is a shrub called the lilac, whose blossoms of purple either deep or faint, contrast agreeably with the yellow tints of the laburnum. You see that these trees and shrubs are intermingled in pleasing variety, which shows taste and judgment in the disposition of them!

Oh, we are now come to the flower-beds; what a beautiful mixture of glowing colours; what delicious odours come from them.

That large yellow flower with the quantity of *dark brown* seeds in the middle, is the heliotrope

or sunflower; it came originally from Peru, and is therefore called the Peruvian Turnsol; it turns towards the sun, and appears to follow and court his beams. The varieties of flowers are almost endless. Flowers succeeding one another form a rich and varied garland, hung by nature around the temple of the seasons; spring exhibits the pale primroses, the white and the purple violets, the pink, blue, and white hyacinths, the spotted cowslips, the striped tulips, the yellow jonquils, and the various species of the rose, the queen of the garden. Summer produces the golden marygolds, the poppies, and pinks of a thousand dyes. Autumn displays the balsams with transparent green stems, and brilliantly coloured flowers, Indian pinks, and many others.

Winter closes this magnificent exhibition, but while it makes us wish for the return of verdure and flowers, it affords a season of repose to the earth, after her numerous, beautiful, and beneficial productions.

We are now come to the green-house, in which plants of the warmest climates find a safe retreat. Let us go in and look at some of them. Here, by means of artificial heat maintained by flues, or fire-places, and hollow passages in the back wall, and by excluding the cold air, while the light is admitted through the glass roof, front, and sides, all the fairest appearances of spring, summer, and autumn, are displayed, while frost and snow rage without; here the white, and the purple grapes, are ripened early in the year; here the orange trees of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, show their

intermingled polished leaves, white blossoms, anc green and golden fruit.

Do you observe that plant with narrow leaves? Touch it gently; see, the leaves shrink away fron your finger, and shrivel up on their stalks; it is on that account called the sensitive plant, and is a species of mimosa; at sun set it seems to dry up as if dead, but when the sun rises again, it recovers its vigour and freshness; even the passing by of a dark cloud over the heavens wil make it fold up its leaves, and fall into a kind o sleep; it comes originally from Africa. Look a that plant close to your elbow; its leaves ar apparently covered with small icicles, and fron that circumstance it is called the ice-plant; thos seeming icicles are only the sap of the plant which, exuding through the stalks, coagulates o thickens by the influence of the air, and stand upon them in those little brilliant drops. There at your right hand, is an extraordinary plant whose fruit or seed covering resembles an egg whence it has the name of the egg-plant. Tha plant next to it, whose flowers hanging down wards so gracefully, are of so pretty a shape, an of a fine purplish red colour, is called the fusia Those two plants at your left, the one havin white and the other red flowers, somewhat lik our roses, are Japan roses; see how finely po lished are the leaves or petals of their flower Those tall plants, whose flowers of variou colours resemble bells in their figure, are diffe ent kinds of campanula, deriving their name from their form, campana being the Latin for

bell. In that pot is the dionæa muscipula, or Venus's fly-trap; when a fly, or other winged insect, pitches upon one of its flowers, it immediately closes upon, and crushes the animal. The tree in the corner at which you are now looking, is the Chinese mulberry, called the paper mulberry, because the Chinese make their paper from its bark; the people of Otaheite manufacture a kind of cloth of it, which is very soft, and which they dye red. In the other corner stands a high plant, whose leaves you see are of a long oval form, very large, and ending in a strong, sharp thorn; if that thorn be pulled out from the leaf, there is attached to one end a long fibre, so that it may serve for a needle and thread. The aloe is from South America, and when growing in its native soil affords a glorious spectacle; its stem generally rises to the height of twenty feet, branching out on every side, and tapering towards its top like a pyramid; the slender shoots are adorned with greenish yellow flowers, which come out in thick clusters at every joint; the plant retains this beautiful ornament for nearly three months, the flowers opening in succession.

The leaves of the American aloe are five or six feet long, from six to nine inches broad, and three or four inches thick; they are used for cordage, and to make packing cloth; they likewise serve as slates for covering houses, and when dried are formed into dishes and plates for the table.

We must think of going home now, and, perhaps, we may soon pay another visit to the greenhouse, as you are so delighted with the sight of

those curious plants. Do you know what tall tree that is on this side of the garden gate? It has pretty leaves, and its flowers are like tulips in shape, of a straw colour and striped; it is called the tulip tree.

Remember whenever you go into or come out from a garden or court, or field, to close the door or gate after you; that is a good habit to form.

LESSON XXIII.

As the tea things are not on the table yet, you may read a few lines of poetry upon the subject of flowers, plants, and gardens.

The two following little poems were written by a lady who subscribes her name Jane; they are in a pretty and useful book, entitled "Original Poems for Infant Minds," which I will give you as an encouragement for your good behaviour. Mary, read the first, and William the second.

THE POPPY.

High on a bright and sunny bed,
  A scarlet poppy grew,
And up it held its staring head
  Expanded full in view.

Yet not attention did it win
  By all those efforts made,
And less unwelcome had it been
  In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast
  No sweet perfume was found,
It seem'd to think itself the best
  Of all the flowers around.

From this may we a hint obtain
  To take great care indeed,
Lest we appear as pert and vain
  As is this gaudy weed.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
  A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
  As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
  Its colours bright and fair,
It might have grac'd a rosy bower,
  Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
  In modest tints arrray'd;
And there diffus'd its sweet perfume,
  Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
  This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
  In sweet humility.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

What nature, alas, has denied
  To the cold sluggish growth of our isle,

Art has, in a measure, supplied,
  And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See Mary, what beauties I bring
  From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
  Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
  Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
  From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears her mantle of snow,
  These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest, that blow
  On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
  The frowns of a sky so severe,
Such, Mary's, true love that has liv'd
  Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
  Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow but shows
  The truth of a friend such as you.

Cowper.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flower!
  The glory of June and July;
But its leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
  In a day they both wither and die.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
  Above all the flowers of the field;

When its leaves are all dead and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.

So frail are the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose:
For all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then we'll not be proud, or of youth, or of beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing our duty,
This will scent like a Rose when we're dead.

Watts.

OCCUPATION IN THE GARDEN DELIGHTFUL TO THE MAN OF RETIREMENT.

Then, when the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demands him, he attends
The welcome call.
Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees
That meet no barren interval between,
With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford;
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.
These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distemper'd, or has lost its bearing powers,
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife. The rest, no portion left,
That may disgrace his art, or disappoint

Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measur'd distances, that air and sun,
Admitted freely, may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
Hence summer has her riches, autumn hence,
And hence, even winter fills his wither'd hand
With blushing fruits and plenty not his own:
Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd.

Cowper.

THE GREENHOUSE.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle, with unwithering leaf,
Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddy orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
Th' amomum there, with intermingling flowers
And cherries, hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours; and the spangled beau
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants of every leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,
Live there and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
Levantine regions these: the Azores send
Their jessamine; her jessamine, remote
Caffraria; foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if conven'd
By magic summons of the Orphean lyre.

Cowper.

TO MARY, WITH A NOSEGAY.

Thou can'st not take the rose's bloom
  To decorate thy face;
But the sweet blush of modesty
  Will lend an equal grace.

These violets scent the fanning gale,
  Though placed in lowly bed;
So real worth fresh merit gains
  By diffidence o'erspread.

Nor wilt thou e'er that lily's white
  In thy complexion find,
Yet innocence may shine as fair
  Within thy spotless mind.

Now, in the opening spring of life,
  Let graceful flowrets bloom;
The budding virtues in thy heart,
  Shall yield the best perfume.

This nosegay in thy bosom plac'd,
  A moral may convey,
For soon its brightest tints will fade,
  And all its sweets decay.

So short-liv'd are the lovely tribes
  Of Flora's transient reign;
They bud, blow, wither, fall, and die,
  Then turn to earth again.

And, thus, dear child, must every charm,
  Which youth is proud to share,

Alike this quick succession prove,
And the same truth declare.

Sickness will change the roseate hue,
Which glowing health bespeaks;
And age will wrinkle with its cares,
The smoothness of the cheeks.

But as that fragrant myrtle wreath
Will all the rest survive,
So shall the mental graces still
Through endless ages live.

LESSON XXIV.

Now, my dear children, take your tea, and, at the same time your supper; because you know that your mother and I do not approve of eating animal food more than once in each day; and that we think three full meals a day quite sufficient for nourishment and health. There is a plate of strawberries, which will be a pleasant accompaniment to your bread and butter. The strawberry is a very wholesome fruit, which grows and ripens well in our climate. Formerly, good gardeners used to place layers of clean reed or straw between the fruit when ripening and the earth, to prevent its being bruised and soiled, and with the idea that the straw retained the heat of the sun-beams longer than the ground, and diffused it more equally round every part of the berries. Thence, it is supposed,

was derived the name of *Strawberry*. There are various kinds of strawberries, some of which are very large, but none have a finer flavour than the small sort which grows wild in our woods, and on sloping sides of hills. These are called the Alpine strawberries, because they grow in different parts of the vast chains of the Alps. Raspberries, which have so agreeable a taste and odour, are a cultivated kind of the blackberries which you see in the hedges. The raspberry plants of Canada, and of Pennsylvania in North America, bear very pretty blossoms of a beautiful purple violet colour. It is said that the only fruits which are indigenous to our country, that is, grow naturally in it, are the wild apple, called crab, and the sloe, or wild plumb; both which have a sharp, rough, and disagreeable taste. Currants, gooseberries, apples, pears, we owe almost entirely to other countries. Peaches, and nectarines, came originally from Persia; the apricot, from Armenia. Grapes seldom ripen properly in the open air, in our climate.

If you have eaten as much as you like, and drank your cup of milk and water, which is *your* tea, we will walk as far as the blacksmith's house, as I wish to give him some directions about mending our locks and bolts, and shoeing my horse

Oh, I see that he is at work yet. He is an honest, industrious, and sober man, who maintains his wife and three children by his labour. He is, therefore, a respectable man; for every man who does his duty, in whatever rank of life

he may be, is respectable. A rich man is not respectable, merely because he is rich; but he is so, when he makes a right use of his wealth. The man who possesses great riches has many important obligations resting upon him; and many temptations to that which is wrong attack him. If he faithfully discharge the former, and steadily resist the latter, he is then deserving of all respect and esteem.

The smith is in the very act of forging, and forming into some particular shape, a piece of iron, which he has just taken red hot from the fire with the tongs he holds in his left hand. Now he turns the iron, and beats it with that heavy hammer. See how the sparks fly about! Take care of your eyes! That block of iron upon which he is hammering is called the anvil. Sometimes, when the iron bar is large, one man turns it round, while three or four men strike upon it with their hammers, in exact time, so as not to hurt one another's hands and arms. There is another method of forging pieces of iron that require to be acted upon by a force greater than that of a man's arms. Several very heavy hammer's, called sledge hammers, are moved up and down by the power of a water-mill; under the strokes of these, men present the lumps of iron, which are held up at one end by the anvils, and at the other by iron chains fastened to the ceiling of the forge.

This method is employed in the largest works, such as the making anchors, which sometimes *weigh many* thousand pounds.

The forge is a sort of furnace intended for the

heating of metals so much as to render them malleable, that is capable of being beaten into any form. The back of the forge is built upright to the ceiling; and, over the fire-grate, is inclosed with what is called a hovel, or a funnel, which opens into the chimney to carry off the smoke. In the back of the forge, against the fire-place, is a thick iron plate, with a pipe to receive the nose of a bellows. The bellows is behind the forge, and is worked by a string or chain fastened to it, called a rocker. One of the boards of the bellows is fixed, and by drawing down the handle of the rocker the moveable board rises, and by means of a weight on the top of the upper board, sinks again. By this alternate motion a current of air is directed upon the fire, so as to increase it to what degree of heat may be wanted.

In front of the forge, but a little below it, is a trough of water to wet the coals from time to time, and for cooling the tongs, which sometimes grows too hot for the smith to grasp. The other tools of the smith's workshop are files to saw through, or smooth pieces of metal; punches, or pointed instruments, to bore holes; a vice, or kind of very strong pincers, for holding things fast, fastened to an immoveable bench; the anvil and block. Those smiths who perform work less rough, and polish their work to a considerable degree of nicety, and include bell-hanging in their business, are called white smiths, or bright smiths. There are other smiths who are employed principally in the making of locks and keys.

The several degrees of heat given by smiths to their material, the iron, are called by different names.

That which is used when the iron has already acquired its form and size, but wants hammering only to smooth and fit it for the file, is called the blood-red heat.

The heat which is applied to forge iron into size and shape, is called white heat. While that which is required, when two pieces of iron are to be united end to end, is named welding heat.

The uppermost surface of the anvil, on which the smith hammers his iron, must be very flat and smooth, and so hard, that no file can touch it. At one end of the anvil is a hole, in which may be placed a strong steel chisel, or a spike; on this, a piece of red hot iron being laid, may be cut in two by a single stroke of the hammer. Great quantities of iron are imported from Sweden and North America in large pieces, called pigs, or in bars.

The evening is beginning to close in, and the dew is falling, so I think we had better turn towards home, without extending our walk any farther.

Look at the swallows skimming over the surface of our large pond. They are flying about so quickly, and in such different directions, hunting for flies and insects, which are their proper food, and by destroying multitudes of them, they are of great service to man; for those insects would otherwise increase so fast as to *become* quite a nuisance.

The bills of the swallows open very wide, so

that they can take in their prey more easily, and in greater quantity at once. Those swallows are birds of passage, that is, they go to different countries according to the season of the year. They come to this country in large flocks, about the middle of April; and in October they assemble in vast numbers, and fly across the sea to some warmer climate. They build their nests of clay, and line them with feathers and soft grass. They make them generally in chimneys, or under the eaves of houses.

It is rather later than I thought. The stars are beginning to appear. The dim light between sunset and the stars shining out is called twilight. Till the sun is apparently (for you know it is our earth's turning round its axis, and not the sun's moving, that makes the sun rise and sun set) gone below the horizon a certain distance, his rays still strike upon the air over our heads, and being bent downwards give us the light called crepuscule or twilight. Oh, there is the moon just peeping over those trees. How beautiful she is! The silver queen of night!

"When the fair moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her silver light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a tender lustre shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;

The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

Do you see some little spots of fine clear greenish light in the darkened part of that hedge? That light issues from insects called glow-worms. William, go and get one of them. Here it is. It is a little larger than a wood-louse, and of a dark brown colour. The light comes from under the tail, and is strong enough for us to see what hour it is by my watch. Half-past nine! Well, we must walk on then, for it is high time that we should be at home. Mamma will think that we are lost. Here we are all safe! You shall read a psalm each, and then we will offer up our prayer to God, and afterwards go to bed, where I hope you will sleep soundly all night.

LESSON XXV.

You were very reluctant, the other day, to come away from Mr. Good's garden; as you have read, and written, and done your sums in addition of money, and gone through your grammar lesson, we will pay another visit to your favourite spot. How beautiful is the sky to-day! The sun shines in full glory. The variously shaped clouds are slowly, but steadily wafted before the wind. How charmingly are they coloured by the varied reflections of light. What brilliant and what delicate tints are sweetly *intermingled* and fade into one another, almost

imperceptibly! Purple, blue, crimson, orange, straw-colour, and even slight tinges of the tenderest green! Observe that great mass of clouds piled up like mountains rising above mountains. Some of their summits or pinnacles are whitish, others yellow, others red, inclining to pink. Do you remark that long narrow cloud, whose figure is similar to that of some fishes? it is not far above the horizon, and its deep purplish blue is edged with a rich fringe and border of gold. I should not like to have always a cloudless sky; for I think that the clouds add great beauty to the grand scene which nature displays around us. You know that clouds are bodies of vapour raised from the surface of the ocean, and of other waters, by the heat of the sun, and supported by the air, till they become too heavy, or meet with air cold enough to condense them; and then they descend in rain, or hail, or snow. I have told you before, I believe, that the horizon is that line where the sky seems to meet the earth or the sea.

In that neat cottage, near the garden gate, lives Mrs. Ready, a very honest, hard-working woman, who does all the washing for our family. She has a small plot of ground behind her house which her two sons, sober good young lads, keep in neat order by their labour after they come from their daily work in the fields, and from which they produce vegetables enough for their mother and themselves. See how prettily the little porch before the door is covered with

honeysuckle and jessamine. There is the good woman and one of her sons with her.

What is she doing! She is striking upon the lid of a tin saucepan, with a large key. She does so because her bees are swarming, that is, coming out of their hive, and she thinks that noise will prevent them from flying away, and make them settle where they are. But that is a mistaken notion. The origin of the custom of ringing a bell, or beating a metal pan when bees are swarming, is this, namely to give notice of it to neighbours, and to claim the right of following the bees into other persons fields or gardens, in order to recover them.

You see the bees have now pitched on that branch of the laburnum, and are hanging from it in a great black cluster. There comes Robert, one of Mrs. Ready's sons, with a hive, the inside of which he has rubbed with thyme whose odour attracts the bees. He has covered his hands with gloves, and his face with a cloth that he may not be stung by them.

Now he is shaking them gently into the hive, and now he turns it down upon the stool which his mother had placed under the bough; and now he has them safe. The queen bee, as she is called, was in the middle of the swarm. for wherever she settles all the others settle round her.

The bees are very curious creatures. There are three sorts of bees in each hive. The queen bees, of whom there is only one to each hive; *the male* bees, or drones, of whom there is a cer-

tain number in every hive; the labourers, of whom there are several thousands to one queen. The queen bee, is the mother of the whole hive. She lays her eggs in cells formed by the labourers for that purpose. The other bees pay her extraordinary attention. She never moves from her cell without several of them walking round her, like guards. Upon such occasions the whole hive is in commotion. The bees hanging together by their legs soon form a veil round her, by which she is effectually concealed. They feed her abundantly, and seem jealous and fearful of her escaping from them. The male bees are larger than the others, but have no stings, and are cruelly treated by the labourers, who at the beginning of autumn expel them from the hive, having first maimed them by their bites. This seems to be done because the drones do not contribute to the common stock of provisions, and because there would not be enough for all the community if they remained. The labourers do all the work. They build their city, prepare their food, feed the queen, and the young ones while they are only maggots in the cells. The bees are furnished with two jaws, which move like saws, opening and shutting to the right and left. These serve as hands to hold and knead the wax. They have likewise a trunk or proboscis which is very large in proportion to their size, and pliable, so that they can bend it different ways, insert it into the flowers, and suck out the nectar or honey. They are provided with a formidable weapon of offence and defence; a sting composed of three parts;

a sheath and two darts. The sheath tapers to a fine point, near which is an opening to give a free passage to a small drop of venom which the animals squeezes out of a bag placed at the base of the sting. The darts are launched through another opening in it, and have little sharp points, like the beards of a hook, which render the wound made by them more painful, and prevent the bee from withdrawing the sting, if disturbed or hurried.

Remember, my dear children, if you should be stung by a bee, to try to stand still; for if the sting be left in the wound, you will suffer much more than if the bee had time to disengage it.

The other day, William, when you were stung in the hand by a bee concealed in the flower you picked hastily, you started, and the bee flew away in a hurry. Don't you recollect that mamma took out the sting with the point of a needle, and how much pain it gave you?

The body of the bee is entirely covered with hair, which is useful in retaining the farina, or dust of the flowers. Have you not observed sometimes a bee quite coloured with the farina of flowers? Of that farina, the bees make what is called bee bread, to feed the queen, and especially the infants of the hive.

The bee has also a bag for the reception of the honey, which, while in that, is transparent as crystal. A small quantity of this is kept in the bag for the nourishment of the animal, but the *greater part* is discharged into the cells of the *magazine,* for the general good. The wax is

supposed to be prepared from farina swallowed by the bee; but how it is made in the stomach, is not known.

Of this wax the bees make those curious combs, in which you have seen the honey, and which you like so well to eat with bread. Each of the cells in which the queen lays her eggs, is furnished with the bee bread, the proper food of the young maggots which come out of those eggs. Each maggot spins a silken covering for the mouth of its cell, and breaks its prison at the proper time. When the number of bees becomes too large for the hive, the younger bees with the queen at their head, swarm off from the parental habitation in quest of a new abode.

There are several kinds of wild bees, who have different methods of building their little towns; placing them in hollow trees or the cavities of rocks.

LESSON FROM THE BEE.

How doth the little busy bee,
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads her wax!
And labours hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
  I would be busy too;
For folly finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

LESSON XXVI.

LET us now go into Mr. Good's charming garden again, and pay another visit to the green-house, in which we shall find several rare plants that we did not remark when we were there last.

But do you observe the pretty creeping plants on the outside of the building? The jessamine with white or yellow flowers and long taper leaves; the passion-tree with its very curious flowers, and the pretty clamatis? That tree just at the entrance, whose leaves are of an oval form, placed just opposite to each other, on the stems, their upper surfaces of a pale glossy green and their lower sides whitish; and whose flowers are white, disposed in bunches, divided at their edges into four parts, and emitting an agreeable odour, is the olive. It is an ever-green, which derives its origin from the south of Europe, but is also found in the northen coasts of Africa, in Asia Minor, and in almost all the temperate climates.

Several kinds of olive are cultivated in the southern parts of Italy for the sake of their fruits, which, when ripe, are soft and of a dark *red colour.* In that state the fruit is eaten with *pepper* and salt; but its principal use is for

pickling, and for yielding fine oil. The natural taste of the olive is by no means pleasant.

You see there a specimen of the sugar cane; observe that it is a jointed reed, having at its top a bunch of pointed leaves, whose edges are serrated, or like the teeth of a saw.

The body of the cane, which is strong and brittle, contains the pith that yields the sugar. When the plant is fully ripe, it is of a bright golden yellow, and beautifully streaked with red; the top is a dark green at first, but afterwards turns russet yellow; from the middle of the bunch of leaves rises a kind of silver wand, from two to six feet in height, producing from its summit a plume of delicate white feathers, fringed with lilac colour. Here is the teff plant about two feet high, the seeds of which ground into flour, compose the bread that is in common use throughout Abyssina; this plant produces its seeds in two months after it is sown, so that it is very useful; the bread made of it is light, and of an agreeable taste. That plant which stands next in the large pot, is what bears the coffee-berry, that affords a pleasing beverage to thousands, and by its cultivation gives employment to multitudes; you may remark that it has oval leaves like those of the laurel; in the angles between the pairs of leaves, are little bunches of pretty white flowers, somewhat resembling those of the jessamine, and of an agreeable odour. Of the seeds, dried, roasted, and ground, is made the liquor you like so well sometimes at breakfast; the coffee-plant came originally from Upper Ethiopia, but is now cultivated in many tropical countries; that of Arabia

is the most esteemed. The plant at which you are looking, Mary, is the tea-plant from China; you see it is almost covered with leaves like those of the cherry tree, of a deep green colour, serrated at the edges, not placed opposite to each other in pairs, but alternately; the flowers spring from the bottom of the leaves, they are white, and resemble in form those of the common wild rose. That which you are examining so closely, William, is a plant of the greatest importance and utility, as it furnishes pleasant clothing for thousands of people in different parts of the world; it is the cotton-plant, found growing in the south of Europe, as well as in Africa, and the East and West Indies; its common height is two feet; the stem is hard, woody and hairy on the upper side; the leaves you may observe are divided into five cuts or lobes, and are remarkable for a grand gland or small vessel on the back; the foot-stalks issuing from the bottom of the leaves, bear each a yellow flower; the substance we call cotton surrounds the seeds contained in a capsule or case, about the size of a small egg, of an oval figure; when the down, which is the cotton, is ripe, it bursts the little chambers in which it is contained, and spreads itself over the sides of the capsule; the cotton is separated from the seeds by being passed through wooden rollers placed in a horizontal direction, and turned by means of a handle; some of these cotton mills are made very large and are worked by water; when separated from the seeds and properly cleaned, the cotton is spun into threads, and formed into cloths of various kinds, and

grees of fineness; this is the plant which yields the indigo of a fine blue colour, used by dyers, and by painters in water-colours. It is brought to us in a hard brittle form, and was formerly supposed to be a kind of Indian stone, before we were acquainted with its true natural history. It grows naturally in India, and is in figure a little, straight, delicate shrub, whose slender branches spreading, form a tuft; it rises to the height of two or three feet; its leaves are situated alternately; it bears a pretty reddish violet flower, and pods inclosing a number of seeds. In order to extract the indigo, the plants are macerated, or bruised in water, and kept in it for several days; when the water appears to be sufficiently impregnated with the colouring matter, it is drawn off into another vessel, and well stirred with sticks; the water is then suffered to run gently away, and the extract is spread on cloths, and exposed to the rays of the sun; after some time it begins to harden, and is formed into balls and flat pieces, and dried upon the sand. The indigo plant is cultivated principally in America and the West India Islands.

The plant which has now fixed your attention, is one of the most extraordinary productions of the vegetable kingdom; it is the nepenthes, a native of India. You see it has a simple stem crowned with flowers in bunches; the leaves are alternate, terminating in tendrils or threads, supporting oblong vessels, which are closed by a small valve, like the lid of a box; this vessel is generally full of a sweet limpid water; in the morning the lid is shut, but it opens during the

heat of the day, and a portion of the liquid evaporates; this is replenished in the night, and every morning the vessel is found to be full, and the lid again shut. The plant grows in a climate where the traveller, exhausted by heat and thirst, gladly avails himself of the refreshing drink which this vegetable affords, each urn of which contains about half a wine glass of the water. This is a striking instance of the goodness of the Author of Nature, in filling the vessels of the nepenthes with a treasure most valuable to the inhabitants of hot and dry countries.

I will tell you about some other curious trees, which are not here, but which likewise display the bounty of the Universal Parent.

There is a tree which grows in the eastern Asiatic islands, in Otaheite, and the other isles of the great Pacific Ocean, about the size of a large apple-tree; its leaves are of a dark green colour, about a foot in length, and of an oblong shape, very much like those of the fig-tree, and exuding a milky juice when cut or broken. Its fruit is about the size and shape of a new-born infant's head, it is covered with a thin skin, and has a pretty large core; the eatable part is between the skin and the core; it is very white, somewhat resembling new bread, and must be roasted or baked before it is eaten. This fruit is wholesome, and serves the inhabitants of the islands in which it is produced instead of bread; the only trouble they have to gather this bread, is the climbing the trees on which it grows. But God has not only provided a bread-tree, he has *likewise* given to man a butter-tree; this, which

is called the shea-tree, grows in Africa; it is of moderate size, with long, alternate leaves, and produces a fruit about as large as a walnut, and which emits an aromatic odour; within the fruit is a stone, containing a kernel of the size of an acorn; from these kernels, first dried in the sun, and then boiled in water, a substance is prepared very like the best butter, white, firm, and of a rich flavour, and which will keep a whole year without salt.

The bounty of Providence has caused another tree to grow, which furnishes man with the means of procuring light in the absence of the sun. It grows wild in China, on the banks of rivulets, and has the height of the pear-tree, the trunk and branches of the cherry, and the foliage of the black poplar; its leaves are of a bright red colour, and have two small glandules or vessels at the base of each; the fruit is contained in a husk in three divisions, which open when it is ripe, and discover three white grains as big as a small walnut; the pulp which covers the seeds resembles tallow in colour, smell, and consistence; this is melted and made into candles. The Chinese obtain also oil from the seeds of this plant, which they burn in their lamps.

The sugar-maple is another very useful tree, yielding a wholesome, nourishing article of food. This tree grows in abundance in the western counties of the middle states of North America, but those of New York and Pennsylvania are said to yield the most sugar. The sugar-maple is supposed to arrive at its full growth in twenty years, it is then as high as the oak is commonly, and its

trunk is from six to nine feet round; it puts forth a beautiful white blossom before a single leaf appears; the leaves are shaped somewhat like a hand, and divided into five parts; the sugar is contained in the sap of the tree. To obtain this, the tree is not cut down, but incisions or small openings, one or two inches deep, are made in the trunk, with an axe or an auger; into these cuts, spouts made of the shumach, or of the elder, are inserted, projecting several inches from the trees. The tree is first tapped on the south side, and then on the north, when the discharge begins to lessen; the sap continues to flow for four or five weeks; wooden troughs are placed under the spout to receive the sap, which is carried every day to a larger reservoir; the sugar is made from the sap, generally by boiling; the sugar in the small branches affords excellent food for the cattle and sheep during the winter season. This maple-tree is improved instead of being injured by tapping; it yields likewise an after-sap, which makes good vinegar. Sugar is a very nourishing substance, and this is so well known to the native Americans, that when they are going to undertake long marches from home, they mix a certain quantity of the maple-sugar with an equal quantity of Indian corn dried and powdered, for their stock of provision. Thus provided, they travel amazing distances, and, when fatigued, they recruit their strength by a few spoonfuls of this nutritious food, mixed with water. How wonderful and how various are the works of God, and how wisely, how graciously are most of them, which belong to our earth, made to contribute to the conveniences and comforts of man!

LESSON XXVIII.

SUNDAY.

THIS is the sabbath, the day of rest, or the Lord's day, the day on which Christ our Lord rose from the dead. Let us begin it, my dear children, by reading two or three hymns adapted to it, and the account of the creation of the world, given in the beginning of the book of Genesis.

HYMN.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
  He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
  And praise surround the throne.

To-day arose our glorious Head,
  And death's dread empire fell;
To-day let us his triumph spread,
  And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna! the anointed King
  Ascends his destined throne;
To God your grateful homage bring,
  And his Messiah own.

Sent by his Father's love, he came
  To save our sinful race;
Let all adore the Father's name,
  And celebrate his grace.

Adore him in the highest strains
  The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
  Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN.

Again the Lord of life and light
  Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
  And pours increasing day.

Oh, what a night was that which wrapp'd
  The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
  Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
  And praise sincere be sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
  And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand different lips shall join
  To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
  To nations yet unborn.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Blessed sabbath of our Lord!
Sweet return of public praise!
Still we live to hear his word,
Grateful for his solemn days.
Let the world in darkness frown,
And our mortal comforts fail!
From the glories of God's throne,
Light shall cheer the gloomy vale.
Great object of our faith, to thee we bow,
And in thy church record the solemn vow.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure, nor my play,
Shall tempt my footsteps thence to stray.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and doctrines of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Employ this youthful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through thy word,
I may lie down and rise with God.

ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP.

When, as returns this solemn day,
  Man comes to worship God;
What rites, what honours, shall he pay,
  How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

From marble domes and gilded spires,
  Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
  The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain, sinful man! Creation's Lord
  Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
  Here dwells the God who heareth prayer.

The book called Genesis, or Creation, is one of the most ancient writings of which we have any knowledge. It was written by Moses, the divinely-appointed leader and lawgiver of the Israelites, whom the Almighty armed with mighty power to deliver them from Egyptian bondage, to conduct them through the Red Sea and the wilderness, to Canaan or Palestine, their destined habitation. This book teaches us that the world was made by an all-powerful, wise, and good God. It gives us an account of the Creation, of the first parents of the human race, of the general Deluge; affording impressive instances of the calamities which attend disobedience to the will of God; and, in the history of Abraham and his family, it displays the commencement of that glorious plan, by which the great Lord of providence gradually prepared the way for the coming of Christ our Saviour, and the complete revelation of the Divine will, and our duty and happiness. Observe how beautifully and solemnly the inspired historian begins his important narrative.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was yet a desolate waste, without form, and void. Darkness was on the face of the deep, and a strong wind was *agitating* the waters, when God said, "Let *there be light*," and there was light. Nothing

can be more grand than this represensation of God's forming, by a single command, that light which unfolds the wonders of creation to our view. It has been justly admired, and was quoted by Longinus, a very eminent heathen writer, as a strking example of sublimity.

After Moses has given an account of the different works of six successive days, he says, "On the sixth day God completed all the work which he had determined to do; and on the seventh day he ceased from doing any of these works. God, therefore, blessed the seventh day, and made it holy, because on it he ceased from all his works which he had ordained to do." Thus the sabbath was instituted a day of rest for man and for beast; a day of remembrance of God's having created the world, and having established that wonderful order which his unceasing power and wisdom have ever since maintained unbroken. For the Israelites the sabbath was made very strict and solemn. By them it was to be kept as a day of perfect cessation from all manner of work. In the laws, given unto Moses on Mount Sinai, they were commanded "to remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy; to do the ordinary labour and works of life on the six days of the week, but to do no work on the sabbath of the Lord their God, neither they nor their children, nor their servants, nor their cattle, nor the strangers who might be sojourning with them."

This was, no doubt, necessary to their peculiar character, circumstances, and destination. Our

blessed Lord and Saviour relaxed the extrem
strictness of the Jewish sabbath, saying, " Th
Son of man is lord even of the sabbath;" th
sabbath was made for man, and not man for th
sabbath; mercy before sacrifice; and by allow
ing works of necessity and of benevolence to b
done on the sabbath. But then, you know, w
should not go to the other extreme, and abus
this permission. We ought not to engage in th
common concerns and pleasures of the world o
the sabbath-day. We ought not to do unnece
sary work on that holy day. We should spen
it in religious exercises, in the public worship
God; in innocent, and rational, and instructiv
occupations, so as to make it not a day
gloom, but of cheerful gratitude, of delightf
remembrance, of real improvement in usef
knowledge. This is the way in which yo
mother and I teach you to spend the sabbat
and you like it much, and are glad when
comes.

The sabbath is a very useful institution.
gives rest from bodily labour to man and beas
and such rest is necessary to prevent the
strength from being quite worn out by unceasi
toil. It gives those who are obliged to wo
hard for their bread an opportunity of having
little relaxation and amusement, of receivi
religious instruction, of innocently enjoying t
company of their wives, children, and relative
and of thus keeping up the amiable social fe
ings which God has implanted in the hearts
men. It enables those whose business confin

them within door, to take air and exercise, and to view the beauties of nature. We have every reason, therefore, to love the sabbath, and to delight in thus keeping it holy.

The Jews still observe the day named Saturday, as their sabbath; though it is most probable that, in the lapse of so many ages since the original institution of the sabbath, men may have miscounted, and that the knowledge of which was the real seventh day after the beginning of the Creation is lost. To ascertain absolutely the very day does not seem to be necessary, as the institution of a sabbath appears to be actually observed, if whole communities of men agree to separate one particular day from common labours and pleasures. A seventh part of our time is then devoted to rest from worldly works for public worship, and for religious and other instruction. The Mahomedans observe Friday as their sabbath. The Christians dedicate the first day of the week to those purposes, because on that day Christ our Lord arose triumphant from the tomb. That day, therefore, is endeared to all who believe in him. On that day the primitive disciples and the apostles met together to worship God, and to commemorate the glorious, most important event of the Resurrection. And, authorized by their example, the Christian Church has since their time kept that day as the sabbath, the day of rest. How rational and proper it is, that they who acknowledge one faith, one baptism, one Lord, one God and Father, should assemble together on the generally received day of rest, to pay their tribute

of public, grateful homage to the only wise, living, and true God; to set forth his most worthy praise, to hear his most holy word, to ask for those things which are needful for the soul and for the body!

How delightful it is to see a whole assembly of rational beings, of believers in the same God, the same Saviour, expectants of the same glorious immortality, bend their knees together in prayer, lift up their voices together in praise, and listen, with one accord, to the word of eternal truth! I am sure, my dear children, that you love to go to church and join in the public worship of that infinitely great and gracious Deity, in whom you live, and move, and have your being; who is the author and giver of all good; to whom you are indebted for every comfort and enjoyment. Let us remember what our Saviour said: "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Remember that God is ever present with you. Remember that he knows your thoughts as well as hears your words, and beholds your actions. Take care, therefore, never to think, or say, or do what you would be ashamed to think, say, or do in the presence of the most exalted, the most powerful, the most pure and holy, the most awful and venerable Being. God loves you, and gives you all manner of good. You, therefore, should love him, and obey his commands with cheerful readiness. Suppose we set out from home, a little *earlier than* usual, and, in our way to church, *pay a visit* to the Sunday school You, Mary,

can hear some of the little girls read, and William may hear some of the boys spell and say their hymns. Do not you think that Sunday schools are very useful? Is it not a charming sight to view a great number of poor children, who have neither time nor opportunity in the course of the week to receive instruction, collected together on the Lord's day to be taught to read and write, and to be informed of their duty? And is it not pleasing to see many young persons in higher stations of life aiding in this work of benevolence, and teaching those in inferior ranks who have not had their advantages? Such conduct must surely be acceptable to the Universal Parent, and may be regarded as a holy and reasonable sacrifice.

Let us enter the large room in which the school is held. What a number of girls and boys! There is Mr. Jones, the worthy minister, in the midst of them, and the ladies and gentlemen, whose turn it is to attend this day, on his right and left. They sing a hymn together. A portion of the word of God is read. They all kneel down together, and the minister prays. Now, you see, the children and the teachers go to different parts of the room, and begin their respective employments.

But you are looking at those men and women at the top of the chamber, who have Testaments in their hands, and are reading to that gentleman and lady. Those poor people had not the opportunity of learning to read when they were young, and they are glad to be taught now. Do you remark that aged woman? She is nearly

eighty years old; and ten months ago she could not tell her letters. Now she can read in her Bible, and she has said, that to be enabled to do so is the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon her. In many places societies are established, and schools are opened for teaching adults, or grown persons. By these, and the Sunday schools, great good has been already done; and so many benevolent people are now engaged in instructing the poor, that, probably, in a few years, there will be scarcely a person found unable to read or write.

If you will ask that good-looking little boy, I dare say, William, he will read to you the hymn which the children sung, when the charity sermon was preached by our neighbour and excellent friend, Mr. Maurice, who is never tired of exerting himself for the support of charitable institutions, and especially those whose end is instruction.

HYMN FOR CHARITY CHILDREN.

Almighty Father! best of friends,
From whom each perfect gift descends
In bounty from above;
Receive the offering children bring,
And teach our grateful lips to sing
The blessings of thy love.

The vernal flowers, at thy command,
Breathe fragrance o'er the smiling land,
And glowing tints disclose;
So may good principles impart
A moral fragrance to the heart,
Far sweeter than the rose.

Accept, great God, our fervent praise,
For thy bless'd gospel's cheering rays,
That beam religious truth;
To thee our annual thanks be given,
For friends who guide our feet to heav'n,
The patrons of our youth.

Eternal God! be still their friend;
May blessings still their path attend,
And every joy increase;
And at the solemn hour of death,
With gracious smiles receive their breath,
And grant them endless peace.

On this glad day of sacred rest
Let every thought inspire the breast,
That cheers the grateful mind;
Oh, cast each worldly care away,
That could debase the thankful lay,
To goodness unconfin'd.

LESSON XXIX.

Sunday Poetry.

LORD'S-DAY, MORNING.

AGAIN my weekly labours end,
And I the Sabbath's call attend;
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And seek to be, for ever, blest.

This day let my devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
May God that peace of mind bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

This holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
And holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

THE EVERLASTING SABBATH.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

No rude alarm of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

THE HEAVENS PRAISE GOD.

Great God! the heaven's well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
  There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
  Of boundl ess power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night;
The dawning and the dying light,
  Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloqu ence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's pr aise,
  And neither sound nor languag e need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journey of the sun,
  And every nation hears their voice;
The sun in brightest splendour drest,
Breaks from his chamber in the east,
  Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker, God,
  All nature joins to show thy praise;
Thy glories through Creation shine,
Our souls confess thy power divine,
  And songs of cheerful homage raise.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

There is a God, all nature speaks,
  Through earth and air and seas and skies;
See from the clouds his glories break
  When the first beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
  O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
  His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
  And health and plenty smile around;
And fruitful fields and verdant meads
  Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

Almighty goodness, power divine,
  The vales and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shine
  With various charms profusely gay.

For man and beast, here, daily food,
  In wide, diffusive, plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood,
  In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling streams and softening showers,
  The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants, and herbs and flowers,
  Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

The flowery tribes fair blooming, rise
  Above the weak attempts of art;
Their bright inimitable dyes
  Speak full conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
  And trace Creation's wonders o'er;
Confess the footsteps of your God,
  And bow before him and adore.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE THE LORD.

Fairest of all the lights above,
  Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres;
And with unwearied swiftness move,
  To form the circles of our years.

Praise the Creator of the skies,
  Who drest thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
  If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
  Fair queen of silence, silver moon;
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
  Are softer rivals of the noon.

Arise, and to that sovereign power,
  Waxing and waning honours pay;
Who bade thee rule the darksome hour,
  And half supply the absent day.

Ye stars which gild the evening sky,
  And cheer the gloomy face of night;
Praise Him who placed your orbs on high,
  And out of darkness call'd up light.

O God of glory, God of love!
  Thou art the sun which makes our days;
With all thy radiant works above,
  Let men on earth announce thy praise.

GOD'S SUPREME GOVERNMENT.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
  The common Parent's praise resound;
Sing to our God and bless his name;
From day to day his praise proclaim,
  Who us hath with salvation crown'd:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,
In majesty and glory rais'd
  Above all other Deities;
For vanity and idols all,
Are they, whom gods the heathen call;
  He, only, rules who made the skies:
With majesty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and strength his throne surround.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
  And banish'd justice will restore;
Let, therefore, heav'n new joys confess,
And holy joy let earth express;
  Its loud applause the ocean roar:
Its mute inhabitants rejoice
And for this triumph find a voice.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

Father of our feeble race,
  Wise beneficent and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
  Flows thy kindness unconfined.

Musing in the silent grove,
  Or the cheerful haunts of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
  Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
  At thine altar, when we bow?
Hearts from whose unsullied spring,
  All the kind affections flow.

Soft compassion's feeling soul,
  By the melting eye express'd;
Sympathy at whose control
  Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
  Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
  Charity with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
  Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
  Love to Thee, and all mankind.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of this holy day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour; hush'd
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's
  song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingling with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.

Sounds the most faint attract the ear; the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland lea,
The blackbirds' note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky, the gladsome lark
Warbles his heav'n-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
But chiefly, man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail; the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold,
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree.
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves,
With those he loves; he shares the heartfelt joys
Of giving thanks to God; not formal thanks,
A word or mere grimace, but reverently;
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic, now, has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the *bough,*

As in the tiny due-bent flowers that bloom
Around its root; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in that hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.
But now his steps a welcome sound recals;
Solemn the bell from yonder ancient pile,
Fills the clear air, inspiring awful joy.
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man; the bowed down; the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy; and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleas'd.
These, mingling with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in.
In vestment grave, the minister of God
Opens the book, and reverentially
The proper portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into the chorus loud and full.
The people, rising, sing with sweet accord
And voice of psalms; harmoniously attun'd,
The various voices blend; the vaulted roof,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band,
Recal the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eyes with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ-peal, loud rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir; sublime,
A thousand notes harmoniously ascend,

As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch.
Rais'd on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheer'd:
He smiles on death; though still the wish will
rise,
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof,
There would I bless his name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those sweets
Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

Graham.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IMITATED.

Father of all, eternal mind,
Immensely good and great,
Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy heavenly seat.

Thy name in hallowed strains be sung,
We join the solemn praise;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.

Thy righteous, mild, and sovereign reign,
Let every being own,
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

As angels round thy seat above,
Thy bless'd commands fulfil,
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heavenly will.

On thee we day by day depend,
  And on thy care rely;
Give us each day our daily bread,
  And every want supply.

Extend thy grace to every fault;
  Oh let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
  Nor let resentment live.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
  Permit us not to tread,
Or turn all real evil far
  From our unguarded head.

Thy sacred name we would adore,
  With joyful, humble mind;
And praise thy goodness, pow'r, and truth,
  Eternal, unconfin'd.

LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION.

Eternal God, how frail is man!
How few his hours, how short his span,
  Between the cradle and the grave!
Who can prolong his vital breath?
Who from the bold demands of death,
  Hath skill to fly or pow'r to save?

But let no murmuring heart complain,
That therefore man is made in vain;
  Nor the Creator's love distrust;
For though his servants day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
  A bright reward awaits the just.

Jesus has made God's purpose known;
A new and better life has shown;
And we the glorious tidings hear;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

That grace for ever let us praise,
Which to his saints the hope displays
Of endless life without a pain;
Let all below and all above,
Join to proclaim the wondrous love,
Which makes even death itself our gain.

THE VEGETABLE CREATION AN EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION OF MAN.

All nature dies and lives again;
The flower that paints the field,
And trees that crown the mountain's brow,
To blasting winter yield.

Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' immortal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest;
Whence I, at length, shall gladly rise,
And mingle with the blest.

I see in faith my leader nigh;
  Jesus, my Saviour, lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
  And my faint heart revives.

Lord of my life, inspire my heart
  With love and strength divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
  For life and death are thine.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.